Taber Free Press

VOL. III., No. 46 TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910 $1.50 YEARLY

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Mark Twain Crosses the Boundary

Redding, Conn., April 21.—Samuel Longhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) died painlessly at 6:30 o'clock to-night of angina pectoris. He lapsed into coma at 3 o'clock this afternoon and never recovered consciousness.

It was the end of a man outworn by grief and acute agony of body. Yesterday was a bad day for the little knot of anxious watchers at the bedside. For long hours the grey aquiline features lay moulded in the inertia of death, while the pulse sank lower and lower, but late at night the patient passed from stupor to the first natural sleep he had taken since he returned from Bermuda, and this morning awoke refreshed, even faintly cheerful and in full possession of all his faculties.

The recent death of H. H. Rogers, a dear friend, was a hard blow. Then the death of his daughter Jean, who was seized with an attack of epilepsy while in her bath, was an added blow from which he never recovered.

Mark Twain died as truly as it can be said of any man, of a broken heart.

Redding, Conn., April 23.—The little village of Redding was in mourning to-day, for its benefactor and friend, Mark Twain, and this morning, when the body was taken from the station to be placed on the train for new York, all business was suspended, and the villagers and farmers from the surrounding hills assembled and paid their last tributes. All day yesterday the villagers passed by the house, and parties in automobiles from neighbouring cities drove up the river road, and stopping, looked over the lowland to Stormfield, on the hill. Late yesterday, the body was prepared for burial. Dressed in the white flannels which he so constantly wore in the last years of his life, it was placed in a plain, dark grey coffin.

Many messages of comfort were received by Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mark Twain's only living daughter. Among them was a telegram from President Taft, and a cablegram from ex-president Roosevelt. A message was also received from the authorities of Hannibal, Mo., asking that Mr. Clemens' body be taken there for burial. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch replied that as the family burial ground was in Elmira, N.Y., it was thought best that the body be taken there.

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GUN CLUB

A meeting of the Taber Gun Club was held in the Town Hall on Monday night, Mr. Mitchell taking the chair. After the minutes of last meeting had been read, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Patron, A. J. MacLean; President, Dr. Leech; Vice-President, Mr. Mitchell; Sec.-Treas., J. H. Prowse; Executive Committee, Messrs. W. W. Douglas, G. C. Millar and B. W. Wright.

It was decided that the membership fee be the same as last year, viz. $2.00. Mr. Stanley was appointed a committee of one to purchase a new trap, similar to that used last year, and also to procure 1000 birds. The hardware stores are to be asked for tenders on trap shells to be supplied to members, and also on Blue Rock Pigeons. The shoots are to be held on Tuesday nights. The secretary was instructed to get printed 100 membership cards for 1910. Messrs. Stanley and Mitchell were appointed to be the grounds committee for the ensuing year.

Lacrosse Club

The Lacrosse season has opened up with good prospects in Taber. There was an enthusiastic organisation meeting, two or three good practices, and on Monday night the committee on contributions reported splendid financial support.

The club have decided to enter a league if one is formed for Southern Alberta, and telegraphed word to that effect to the president, Dr. Stanley, of High River, who is presiding at the annual meeting in Calgary this week. The colors to be worn by the club are green with white trimmings, and to be worn by the players, black and blue.

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Canada's Timber Famine

(By A. H. D. Ross, Faculty of Forestry, in Canadian Courier)

AT the present stage of our national development, wood is an absolute necessity. In one form or another every people use enormous quantities of it. During the present century the extension of our railway systems, the building of homes for our rapidly increasing population and the development of our mineral resources will necessitate the use of still larger quantities. Even with our present population of seven million, our annual output of sawn stuff alone averages 4,016,000,000 board feet, or 670 feet for every man, woman and child in the country. That much lumber would build a two-inch plank walk 4 feet in width and 72 feet in length—stringers and all.

To the annual output of four billion feet of sawn stuff we must still add at least ten million cords of firewood, one million cords of pulpwood, fourteen million railway ties, innumerable fence posts, telephone and telegraph poles, and about seventeen million cubic feet of piling and construction timber for culverts, trestles, bridges, etc. These figures are not mere guess-work. They are the result of a careful investigation carried on for the Dominion Forestry Branch during the summer of 1908. Expressed in board foot equivalents, the annual consumption of wood for various purposes is somewhere between sixteen and seventeen billion feet, or 1,375,000,000 cubic feet. This volume of wood is equal to that in a four-foot walk of two-inch plank (including 2x4 stringers) long enough to girdle the earth 33½ times!

If we now make allowance for the enormous amount of wood that is either wasted or left in the bush it is evident that axe and saw are felling our timber at the rate of something like twenty billion feet a year. With a population of eighty million people, how much wood will we use? When I had better ask, "How much wood will we have left to use?" For, gentle reader, I have, as yet, only told you part of the story.

During the year 1907 the United States produced 40,256,154,000 feet of lumber, besides lath and shingles, which bring the total up to about 41 billion feet—exactly ten times what Canada produced. The best informed officers in the United States Forest Service are not sure that their timber is falling three or four times as fast as it is growing, and that at the present rate of consumption, it will not last more than twenty-five or thirty years. Consequently they are looking to us for what they lack. We have boasted so long about our "inexhaustible timber supply" that they naturally expect to draw upon it when they get hard up. The fact of the matter is that we have no accurate knowledge of either the acreage or the amount of our timber. In 1901 it was placed at 799 million acres. More recent estimates place it at 550 million, including areas not at present merchantable. The merchantable supply is probably confined to about 250 million acres and probably amounts to between 600 and 1000 billion feet, board measure. One of our first duties is to find out what we have, where it is and to carefully protect it from waste. At the present moment there are only six nations in a position to export timber, namely, Canada, the United States, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Austro-Hungary, and it cannot be many years before at least two of these will prohibit the export of timber. Germany has the best system of forest management in the world, yet she is importing large quantities of timber to supply the demands of her increasing population.

With the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway systems, and the opening of the Panama Canal, Canada will be tempted to export very large quantities of timber. Can she afford to do so? Should she not profit by the experience of older nations? About a century ago Germany found out that she could not continue her wasteful methods, and set to work to devise better methods. Later she found that she was actually compelled to import timber, and is now importing about one-quarter of her total consumption. The fact of the matter is, that there is a growing scarcity of timber all over the world.

In 1906 Sir Dietrich Brandis, the eminent forester of British India, wrote our Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, saying: "I cannot sufficiently urge upon Canadians the necessity of the most all-important question upon one point, and that is the constitution of our large area of state forests as possible, to enable Canada to supply permanently the greater portion of the coniferous timber imported into Great Britain. Prices will rise steadily, and it is for you in Canada now to seize the opportunity of laying the foundation for a magnificent development of your future wealth." This opinion is supported by M. Melard, one of the leading forestry experts of France, who says: "The forestry situation throughout the civilized world is summed up in the statement that the consumption of wood is greater than the normal production of the accessible forests, the deficit being supplied by the destruction of the forests themselves," and by Dr. Wm. Schich, the leading English authority, who says: "The great standby for coniferous timber will be what has provided her governments do not lose time in introducing a rational system of managing her forests." This is pretty straight talk from a man who knows. It should certainly raise the question, "What are we going to do about it?" Shall we continue in our easy-going policy of allowing wasteful methods of lumbering, exporting raw materials for the building up of foreign industries, and, still worse, the senseless destruction of enormous quantities of wood by forest fires? Is it not high time that every Canadian citizen who takes an intelligent interest in matters pertaining to the building up of this fair Dominion of ours should do all in his power to arrest the threatened ruin of our timber supply?

Only slowly does it seem to dawn upon us as a nation that the loss of our forests, without adequate restoration, will be the deadliest imaginable blow to our future progress and prosperity. All history teaches us that a prosperous nation cannot be built up in a desert. It also proves that a people cannot continue in power and affluence when the territory from which it draws its sustenance shall have receded into barrenness by the destruction of its forests, or by the removal of "Nature's balance wheel." The forest is the most highly organized portion of the vegetable kingdom, and its effects upon its surroundings are so important and far-reaching that we may fairly call it to Nature's assistance wheel. By retarding evaporation, checking the effects of drying winds, rendering the soil more porous and fertile, retaining the moisture favorable to agriculture, and regulating the flow of water in our streams, it is an efficient regulator of many natural phenomena.

Thus it appears that the value of the forest does not consist entirely in its output of lumber and other forest products but also in the profits resulting from its regulating influence. Not until it has disappeared entirely does mankind seem to realize its importance in the household economy of Nature. With the disappearance of the forest cover, there ensue the disastrous spring freshets, the low water at midsummer when it is most needed, and the gradual conversion of fertile regions into deserts. History furnishes many examples of this very thing, and whole reams might be written upon this phase of the subject. Usually more indigestible information is spread on a single tree by the roadside, or in an open field, than by the wanton destruction of whole acres, yes, even square miles, of forest and wooded land. Only a few of the nations of the earth seem to realize the necessity of husbanding their timber resources. Resources in land are of a more or less permanent nature, and as population increases no effort will be spared to bring all that is idle under cultivation. With improved methods and machinery, too, the land under cultivation will become more and more productive. In the same way our forest wealth should be so managed as to yield a regular and permanent revenue. Other countries are able to do this, so why not Canada?

MILLIONS FOR A HOSPITAL

TWO million and a half of dollars for a hospital is to be spent by the Hospital Board of the city of Toronto, says the Canadian Courier; said money to be expended within the next few years on a scheme which for magnitude and private enterprise on a public basis has no equal in Canada. The new public General Hospital has for two years been under discussion. It has been looked at from the standpoint of expertism—medical, civic and architectural. Newspapers have devoted columns to its advocacy among the citizens, some of whom have come forward handsomely—one to the tune of a hundred thousand. Delegates have been sent to the leading hospital and university centres of the United States and Great Britain to profit as much by the experiences of other communities as might be before millions of dollars were locked up in a scheme which could never be expected to pay a dollar of dividend and would always be contingent upon an element of benevolence for support.

More than a year ago the Hospital Board with its shrewd business chairman, Mr. J. W. Flavelle, bought the site, eight acres in the upper downtown district on College Street. The land cost half a million. It is land which up to the present has been a shacktown, squalid, microby, and largely unproductive except on the basis of tenement-house rent. It was the upper end of St. John's Ward, which for years has been the civic and housing problem of Toronto; a section which has for its westerly limit a beautiful avenue, University Avenue, leading up to the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park with the university over to the left. Descriptive writers a few years ago used to comment upon the splendid environs of the most abject area in Toronto. The new hospital will put a new face on the picture.

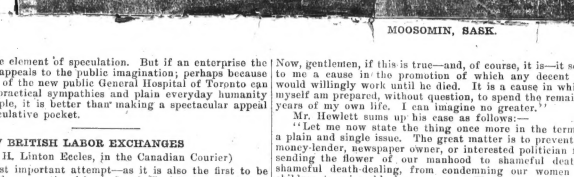
Early last summer the authorities commenced the work of demolition. It was something of a spectacle. There were hundreds of shacks to pull down and back yards to clear up. There were on University Avenue several decent and habitable brownstone fronts to tear away. On the east end there was the Dental College, built less than ten years ago—a four-storey building. All are gone now. Medical experts learned on the ravages of microbes advised clearing the site early and leaving the premises to the disinfection of a stiff Canadian winter before beginning to plough and to build; for of all places to sow seed infective the hospital is first. So that an entire section of a city was pulled down and carted away to give the hospital room.

There had been discussion as to the wisdom of a central location. Some said the land was too clear and the air too dusty and the noise of passing traffic too great. Money has obviated the first. Space will do more to get rid of the other two. There is to be plenty of ground room; eight acres for a single school of buildings. It was argued that the proximity to the university was not the main thing. With a suburban hospital up on a hill students would be willing to travel a mile or two for clinics. Which might have been true enough; but the same promises would not actually bring the hospital out of touch with population, both patients and the friends of patients who desire to have a hospital easy of access. Besides, it is important to consider the facts of the case; which are that any hospital on so large a scale necessarily exists very largely for many who can't afford to pay for private wards and who sometimes depend upon friends and relatives or private citizens to maintain them at the cost of seventy cents per day—which by no means covers the actual cost of maintenance. Such patients are perfectly willing to be treated somewhat as clinical material, for which the University pays to the extent of a subscription of $600,000.

The experience of hospital authorities is that hospitals centrally located are better than those in suburbs. The present hospital when completed will be one of the most extensive in America and will certainly be the most complete in Canada. It will be the repository of the most advanced science in the treatment of diseases, and for equipment will be a model and a study and therefore a stimulus to hospital enterprise all over the country. It will tend to centralize hospital work. It will also be a feature of special interest to the city. The hospital group of buildings will be as much an object of interest to tourists as the University or the Legislature—and considerably more than the City Hall.

Meanwhile the enterprise has served as a vehicle for the benevolent interest of a coterie of busy men who might easily have found vent for their surplus activities in other directions. On the whole the project will be one of the most interesting in the country and will have a great deal more human interest than most. Cash subscriptions to date from private citizens total $950,000, including Mr. J. C. Eaton's recent bequest of $250,000; City of Toronto, $200,000; University, $600,000; aggregate, $1,750,000—leaving three-quarters of a million yet to be got by private subscription as soon as possible.

It is sometimes said that a hospital is not the sort of enterprise that lacks the element of speculation. But if an enterprise the magnitude of the new Public General Hospital of Toronto can elicit the practical sympathies and plain everyday humanity of the people, it is better than making a spectacular appeal to the speculative pocket.



MOOSOMIN, SASK.

THE NEW BRITISH LABOR EXCHANGES

(By H. Linton Eccles, in the Canadian Courier)

THE most important attempt—as it is also the first to be placed on a national basis—to deal with the tremendous problem of un-employment in Britain, is now in working order. The attempt takes the form of labor exchanges throughout the country in that the system must be given a fair trial, and that criticism would be much better postponed until the new labor exchanges have proved their ineffectiveness or otherwise. That, of course, is the only sensible attitude to adopt towards a novel institution.

The new plan of the Government for dealing with the out-of-works may be briefly described as having the general object of bringing the man who wants to work into touch with the employer who has work to offer. For this purpose a sub-department of the Board of Trade—of which Mr. Winston Churchill is president—has been formed to assume the duties of a central board of control. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has been divided into eleven industrial districts, each in charge of a divisional chief.

These divisions, again, will be sub-divided into a national clearing-house, situated in London; ten divisional clearing-houses; 32 first-class exchanges for towns of over 100,000 inhabitants; 43 second-class exchanges for towns of over 50,000 inhabitants; 20 third-class exchanges for smaller towns; and 20 sub-offices for still smaller districts or urban areas. It is estimated that when all these branches are working the annual cost will be about $1,000,000 and that between 800 and 1,000 officials will be employed in the management of them.

Naturally, having such something of the results achieved by labor exchanges on the continent, I was greatly interested in their somewhat belated establishment in my own country. There is nothing strange about the idea of the State as employment agent in France and Germany and the lesser countries, but I was curious to learn how this entirely new role now adopted by a British Government would be regarded by both employers and employees in Britain. With the object, then, of informing myself in this direction, I set out to visit some of the exchanges.

These new State labor agents have no intention of hiding their light or their business under a bushel. In plain white letters on a green ground, the legend, "Board of Trade Labor Exchange" is painted over the door, while a sign hanging out over the door reads: "E. R.—Labor Exchange (Board of Trade)." That will do for the outside. Taking your turn in the queue, you get inside, and find yourself in what closely resembles a penny bank or a railway booking-office. There is the inevitable counter between you and the clerks, and the just as inevitable grille or wire-work monstrosity on your edge of the counter dividing them. The counters were designed not to be leant across, but so that the business might be done over them as speedily as possible. And that despatch is necessary in these first days of registering, for there are hundreds, thousands even, of applicants lining up to have their names put down on the registers. One month's exhibits the figures out the proportion of unemployed to prospective employers.

Your turn comes, and the official behind the grille puts you through a brief catechism—age, trade, where you last worked, what you are willing to work at, and so on, in a refreshing freedom from red tape and silly, unnecessary questions. You are not asked what was the religion of your grandmother, or for how many children your step-father was responsible. They sensibly "cut out the cackle," these new officials, and ask you only such queries as actually bear upon the immediate business of the moment—to satisfy your requirements, if possible. When he has entered his particulars the official hands you a card, stamped with a number and marked with an official seal, and says: "If you are suited before this day week, post this card to us and say so; you needn't put a stamp upon it. If you are not successful call again in seven days."

The exchanges, it should be explained, are divided into three compartments—for employers, male and female employees respectively. Nobody pays a cent. Anyone who is out of work can go to his or her district exchange and register. The employer can write or telephone, stating his requirements. Applicants for work are first put on the "Live Register," which is kept for those who have at other just registered, or have renewed their application within a week, not having found employment. There is also an "Intermediate Register," for those whose cards have lapsed during the previous fourteen days, or who "won't work." Previously there have not informed the Exchange of the result. Another list is the "Dead Register," of people for whom work has been found, or who have not renewed their registration for over fourteen days.

What results may be expected from the new labor exchanges? Well, at any rate, the first will be that they will sort out the workers from the shirkers. It will separate the genuine workless from the "won't work." Previously there has been necessarily little true discrimination between the two classes. Then, as a matter of course, the skilled worker will benefit most. He is the man who has learnt a trade, who knows what he can do. He is not one of the unskilled class who are ready to "do anything" without being capable of doing anything properly. The casual laborer must remain an unsolved problem. He is bound always to alternate between employment and unemployment. He will always be the first to suffer when trade generally is bad.

The labor exchanges do not pretend to make work; no system of offices and officials can create employment. But they must organize upon miles, chasing the shadow of employment, whose material embodiment lies perhaps in quite an opposite direction. The one question we find ourselves asking—as we have asked it about other reforms over and over again—is, why wasn't it accomplished long ago?

TO DELIVER THE WORLD FROM WAR

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT contributes to the Fortnightly Review for February a brief but very forcible paper, entitled "The Liberal Party and Its Future." It is the substance of an address delivered to workmen at Leicester on January 15th. He tells the working classes "that you, the working men, are masters of England; taking all England over you are the masters of the world." If they are united and organized no force in the country can restrain them, save only the law of God and the law of nature. But although they have this absolute power, they have allowed the House of Lords to usurp it, and to govern the country in the interest by an antiquated, medineval, feudal kind of system which every other nation but ours has discarded. All this, however, is but preliminary to the higher appeal with which he concludes. Paris is the first loop hole the enemy has entered England, in the name of England's honor, to join their fellows oversea, and be, with them, saviors of Europe by delivering the world from war. This, he says, can be done by the use of a terrible, paralyzing weapon which England is irresistible—by an antiquated, medineval, feudal kind of system which every other nation but ours has discarded. All this, however, is but preliminary to the higher appeal with which he concludes Paris is the first loop hole the enemy has entered England, in the name of England's honor, to join their fellows oversea, and be, with them, saviors of Europe by delivering the world from war. This, he says, can be done by the use of a terrible, paralyzing weapon which England is irresistible—

"That weapon of yours is a General Strike, and with that weapon you can bid war to cease. If the Labor parties of Europe agreed that upon any Declaration of War in Europe there should be a simultaneous General Strike, not only that war, but all war, would cease. It would never be tried again. I believe, myself, that the mere threat of it would be enough. Now, gentlemen, if this is true—and, of course, it is—it seems to me a cause in the promotion of which any decent man would willingly work till he died. It is a cause in which I myself am prepared, without question, to spend the remaining years of my own life. I can imagine no greater."

Mr. Hewlett sums up his case as follows:—

"Let me now state the thing once more in the terms of a plain and single issue. The great matter is to prevent any money-lender, newspaper owner, or interested politician from sending the flower of our manhood to shameful death or shameful death-dealing, from condemning our women and children to miserable bereavement. That's the crux of the matter; and to me it is as plain as a pikestaff that you can prevent such trafficking with human life if you are a united party—as perfectly well you can."

This holy work of prevention, as he calls it, is fascinating, and we cordially welcome Mr. Maurice Hewlett to the rôle of a pacific Peter the Hermit.

THE OWL'S SENSITIVE EAR

MOST night-feeding birds, such as the various species of wild duck and waders, depend mainly on the sense of touch; and although an extraordinary sensitiveness must be developed in their bills to enable them to distinguish what is edible as they probe or dibble in the ooze, their success is largely mechanical. Owls, however, require the keenest and most mobile perceptions in order to capture the same prey of mice and birds in the dark which kestrels and sparrow hawks hunt by day.

It is probable that they depend even more upon hearing than upon sight. The tufts of feathers which distinguish the short-eared and long-eared owls, and are developed still more imposingly in the great eagle owl of northern Europe, are, of course, no more ears than they are horns, but the true ears of the owls are most remarkable organs.

The facial disk of feathers, which gives them their most characteristic appearance, serves as a kind of sounding board or ear trumpet to concentrate the slightest sounds and transmit them to the orifice of the true ear, which is concealed in the same feathers behind the eye. Even in the barn owl, which possesses the least complicated arrangement of this kind, the orifice of the ear is covered by a remarkable flap of the skin; while in the other species there are striking differences in the size of this orifice and its covering flap on the two sides of the head.

The exact way in which owls utilize this elaborately specialized apparatus has still to be discovered; but it is a natural inference that the very widely different structure of the two ears, the one sensitive to low sounding notes and the other to high ones, enables them to judge of the exact direction of sound, which is of the greatest use to them when hunting small creatures in the dark. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that the owl's ears have not this difference of structure, although the power of detecting even the rustle of the running mouse must be almost indispensable.

For catching small birds, which are the especial prey of the owls, the power of sight rather than of hearing must be necessary, since they are chiefly caught on the roost, and the large nocturnal eye is developed in most of the owls almost as remarkably as the ear. In the short-eared species, the eye is correspondingly reduced. It has also a far less conspicuous facial disk, and this may be due to its naturally explained as a result of its diurnal habits with the consequent reduction of the need for acute hearing if it were not for the marked difference in the structure of its two ears, which is even greater than in the case of the wood owl.

Owls have a great variety of nocturnal calls and cries. They range from the hissing of the young white owls as they wait for food, and the low snapping note which often falls from the darkness around the tree-tops on silent nights, to the brown owl's full-throated tu-whit-tu-whoo and the white owl's wild screech. Brown owls hoot more persistently in autumn and winter than in the summer, and the long-drawn cry sounds louder and more resonant from among the naked aisles than when it is softened and half stifled by the roof of verdure. The white owl's screech is heard more seldom, but the bird itself is usually more conspicuous than the brown owl in a district where they are equally common.

Its pale plumage often makes it visible in flight by night, wholly apart from the disputed question of its occasional luminousness. It sometimes flits abroad in the earliest dusk of evening, or even in full daylight, while in summer it has a characteristic way of flying low above the standing hay fields, as if it were a large white moth seeking the clumps of glimmering moon daisies. Though it glides past like the very spirit of silence, a few moments later its yell may ring through all the valley.

The Great Paris Flood

PARIS, from the character of the Seine watershed, is constantly exposed to inundation, according to an engineering expert writing in the London Times, but Paris is as heedless of the river as Naples is of Vesuvius or Messina was of earthquakes. Observations have been taken at the Pont de la Tournelle for over two hundred and fifty years. The normal depth of water there is from eight to ten feet; when it reaches twenty feet it causes serious damage. The greatest flood on record was in February, 1658, when a height of twenty-nine feet was recorded. The highest mark we have found for the recent overflow was 8.60 metres, a little less than twenty-eight feet. The Seine scale enables predictions of great accuracy to be made as to what will happen within twenty-four or forty-eight hours, but it provides no means of avoiding what is impending. An attempt to forestall the consequences of the floods has been made by building dikes along the river bank, which are the quais with their retaining walls; but the plans of the engineers were modified. In some cases the walls were not made high enough; in others, as at the Place de la Concorde, great gaps were left open to suit public convenience and aesthetic taste.

The floods are inevitable, though until this year they had not been extremely high for a long time. Some of the streams pouring into the Seine, owing to the nature of their watersheds, become torrents in heavy rains. Others are slower in action, but more dangerous, for they accumulate water till it becomes excessive and then send it in a less rapid but greater body to swell the Seine. In the region around Paris the difference in elevation of the ground is slight. The river bed at Tuileries is only a few feet higher than at Asnieres after the Seine has taken a wide sweep round the city. The flooding of the sewers was due to the fact that the crown of the main sewer at Clichy is flush with the river. It was placed there contrary to the plan of the engineer who devised the modern scheme of sewers. The blame for the inundation of the underground roads has not been definitely settled as yet; it is probably due to thoughtlessness and disregard of the Seine's possibilities on the part of all concerned.

The immediate remedies called for are clearly the building of higher and stronger embankments for the river, and changes in the outlets of the sewer system that will prevent the floods from backing in. The condition, however, is a permanent one, and nature must be guarded against more effectively. In the eighteenth century it was proposed to fill in the ground of Paris to a height above all possible floods. That magnificent scheme is entirely out of the question today. Another plan suggested is to build a channel from the Seine above Paris to the first loop below the city and turn the flood water into this. That would cost 100,000,000 francs and would relieve only the city and its western suburbs.

The Times engineer seems to prefer the plan of damming up the streams of the upper affluents of the Seine, retaining the water in time of flood and letting it out when the rivers are low. He shows that the present freshet cannot be attributed to deforestation, for tree planting has been going on for years in the Seine watershed. He believes the floods to be due almost entirely to the nature of the soil, which cannot be changed. Meanwhile Paris, having enjoyed its fortnight of excitement, is on the lookout, as it ever is, for new sensations.

JUMILHAC, THE "FALSE NAPOLEON"

ALL Poland was stirred with excitement and wild hope when the great Napoleon (on the eve of his fatal Russian campaign of 1813-1814) honored that stricken domain with a state visit.

Poland for years had writhed helpless under the heels of tyranny. Prussia, Austria and Russia, separately and together, had robbed her of her former vast possessions, had shorn her of wealth and territory, had at last left her broken and helpless.

Then Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican lawyer's penniless son, had risen with meteor swiftness to the imperial throne of France and to world power. He had in turn thrashed and humbled Prussia, Austria and Russia, even as these nations had wrecked Poland. And the Poles were led by him to believe that he would set their country once more upon its feet and restore its old-time greatness.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that Napoleon had any more idea of freeing Poland than he had of freeing Ireland. He merely sought to use both countries as pawns in his world game to threaten more important powers.

The Poles, however, were overjoyed at Napoleon's promises. And when news came that he would visit Warsaw public rejoicing ran high. Many of the foremost local nobles flocked to Warsaw to greet the French emperor. He was the man of the hour. Nothing in Poland's gift was too good for him.

At about this time a wealthy Polish noble, who had not been able to leave his country estates and come to Warsaw, was amazed to receive a visit from Napoleon. The emperor arrived at the Pole's castle with only two or three followers, explaining that he was traveling about the country in a sort of "official incognito" in order to study political conditions at close range. The nobleman treated his imperial guest with the most profound deference, entertained him royally and, on the visitor's plea of having left Warsaw without bringing along sufficient funds eagerly lent him several thousand dollars.

From one castle to another the "incognito" emperor journeyed. Everywhere he met with boundless hospitality. Horses and jewels were lavished upon him by his delighted Polish hosts. Great sums of money were loaned to him. The famous Princess Radzivil even offered him her heart and hand. Other beautiful and patriotic women overwhelmed him with attention, hoping thus to secure his friendship for Poland.

News traveled very slowly in those days. But any possible doubts of the incognito traveler's identity were swept away when at the Radzivil palace he chanced to meet General Griois, commander of France's Third Artillery Corps. The latter recognized him as the Emperor Napoleon, lent him all the money he could lay hands on and received in return a promise of promotion and a coveted "decoration."

For a long time this sort of thing went on. All Poland rang with the pleasures of said unofficially given its nobles by the traveling Napoleon. Then, at last, the truth came out.

The real Napoleon had not stirred from the city of Warsaw. The man who had been going about the country—borrowing money, making promises, deceiving even old General Griois himself—was a petty chasseur officer, Jumilhac by name.

Not only was he Napoleon's double in face and figure, but he could so closely imitated the Corsican's shrill, harsh voice, abrupt speech and old manner that Napoleon's own friends could scarcely discern the impostor from the emperor. Tallyrand, among others, declared he could not tell the two men apart.

When the fake was discovered Napoleon sent for Jumilhac. Everyone expected to see the petty officer ordered to instant death. (For Napoleon was so absurdly sensitive to all forms of imitation, that he had actually passed a law forbidding any child to be named for him.) But by some strange whim of mercy, the emperor contented himself with dismissing Jumilhac from the army and ordering him back to France.

During the time of Napoleon's exile to Elba, Jumilhac was obliged to let his beard grow and otherwise to disguise himself in order to avoid execution, or at least arrest as the banished emperor. Several European monarchs sent for the "double" in order to gaze with safety and derision on the counterpart of the man who had once humbled all Europe, and to question Jumilhac as to the story of one of the most brilliant fakes of the age.

SPRING SKIN TROUBLES

Pimples, Eruptions and "Spotty Complexions"

At this season, scores of people—girls and young women especially—find their faces disfigured by pimples, dark spots, eruptions, etc. The skin needs attention—needs renovating after the trying time it has passed through during the winter.

Just think what it has gone through! You have been out in rain and sleet and snow. You have been at one moment perspiring from skating, or some other exertion. Then you have stood to "cool off." You have spent hours of health replaces the sallowness and equal to summer heat. Then you have covered up your skin—except your face—and gone out into a temperature away below zero! No wonder that, with all these changes, the skin of the face and neck shows signs of needing attention.

Don't forget that the skin has to do work just as any other organ of the body, and if you overwork it, it gives out. Zam-Buk is the remedy. Smear it lightly over the spots, the eruptions, the sallow patches, at night, and notice how quickly your appearance improves. As the rich, refined, herbal essences sink deep into the tissue, the hard, scurfy-like patches are removed. Better color results. The cells of the skin become transparent. The blood beneath is able to impart its proper coloring to the tissue, and the delicate bloom of health replace the sallowness and pallor of disease.

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE rosy-cheeked [illegible] maid knows that there will be an early spring when she discovers the first buttercup in the field. [illegible]fore the wild flowers bloom the city maid has been [illegible]ed. She has seen the hats heaped with flowers in the windows of the millinery shops. There are smart little hats in rough straw of a deep shade of taupe. They have short, drooping brims, which make them sit low on the head. There are no flowers on these hats, but they are encircled with dark grey chiffon, draped over flame, and the trimming of plumes at the back are of the same color except at the tips, which are of flame color.

The satiny wheat-colored straw hats of the Louis XVI. style are trimmed with pink silk buds, which are in a pleasing mauve pink, pale blue and soft green. The wide brim droops slightly in front and is turned up abruptly in back. Exquisite broadbrimmed leghorns are wired with a brim rolling slightly on the right side and a decided flare on the left. Wide satin ribbon encircles the crown and is completed in a big crush bow on the left side. The novelty of the style

Pink and Gold Brocade Gown

consists in the big buckle at the front of the crown, through which the ribbon is drawn. It consists of soft green satin ribbon and tiny rosebuds intertwined. The bands are plaited and cross the frame of the buckle diagonally at regular intervals.

* * *

Even now you are planning to lay your furs aside and prepare for the warmer weather. In your wardrobe for the coming season you will want one frock of princess style. On one good illustration of the new princess, which reserves some of its old lines to combine with the newer, the skirt is made with a broad plait in front, which ends beneath the draped girdle at the waistline. The front of the skirt extends into the corsage. It slopes to the hip and is outlined with a band material. This band continues about the figure below the hip line, and the lower part of the skirt is plaited from beneath the band. A broad hem finishes the skirt.

Another frock is of marine blue ottoman royal. The graceful tunic laps to the left side and is closed with silk buttons of the same color and silk loops. The edges of the tunic are trimmed with bands of the same color. The tunic ends on each side of the plaited back, and the lower skirt is plaited from beneath it, but cut in one piece with the back of the garment. The corsage is made with a panel at the lower part of the front, with chiffon at the top shirred from under it. The pointed pieces at each side of the front are of embroidery. The armholes are loose and finished about the edge with a binding of the material, while the tops of the sleeves are attached to the lining. The lower part of the sleeves are trimmed with buttons and silk cord loops. There is a small pointed panel in the back, which starts from under the girdle just above the waist line and ends under the plaits. The girdle is a shaped one of soft satin.

A third suit is a street frock of blue serge for early spring wear. The skirt is made with a wide plait in the front and a cluster of side plaits on each side of the front. It is made with a wide plait in the back and plaits on each side of the wide plait. The skirt is finished with a hem on the bottom. The plaits are stitched flat on the upper edge; they are pressed flat on the edges at the lower part to keep them in place. The jacket laps to the left side of the front. It is closed under rosettes of braid. It is made with a wide panel in the back; the sides are slightly bloused over a belt of braid. The sleeve is cut in one with the jacket. It is cut square at the neck. The jacket is trimmed with braids to match.

Pretty as can be for afternoon wear, when the spring days demand lighter frocks and are still too cool for summery things, is the fourth one, of dull wistaria colored Arab silk. The skirt is made in two parts. The lower part is cut high in the front and slopes away at the sides. It finishes on each side of the plaited back. The upper part is plain around the hips. It is slightly fulled on the sides from under the lower part of the skirt. The skirt is finished at the lower part with a hem. The upper part of the corsage and sleeve, which are in one, are of chiffon to match, finished on the edges with cords. The yoke underneath is of white lace, showing through the chiffon. The lower part of the corsage is slightly shirred on the upper edge from under the chiffon yoke. The front and back of the yoke, the lower part of the sleeves and the girdle, are embroidered in silks to match. The undersleeve is of white lace.

* * *

Fashionable women have grown very fond of evening wraps made of etoffe ancienne. This is an old-time stuff directly copied from those worn by the Sforza women and Beatrice d'Este. It is thick and sumptuous, woven of silver and gold threads on a heavy silk foundation that is dipped in dye pots that hold the colors of Leonardo da Vinci.

One model shows an evening wrap made of this material. The wonderful design over it is done in embroidery of bullion and colored floss mingled. The shawl collar is of fur, edged with a puff and a pleating of cloth of silver. The lining is of heavy satin in a dull old red.

The hat that is worn with this wrap to the theatre and the restaurants is of black silk beaver, trimmed with an immense black osprey.

This marvelous Old World fabric is an interesting invention. It was brought out at Deauville at the races last August. Many of the new inventions in fabrics, as well as in clothes, are projected upon the public by the master builders during that week. This material, with its many designs and varied colors, made an instant and strong impression and was elected into the forefront of fashion. So far, the expense of this fabric has limited its use for a voluminous evening wrap to the rich, but many have found an artistic opportunity to use it in the fashionable directoire bag. The latter has made quite a stir among smart women. A few years ago its brilliancy would not have suited the clothes of the season. Today it is quite in the picture.

The woman of fashion has a bag made to match her wrap, and when the fabric is this wonderful bullion cloth the effect is harmonious and very impressive. Among the colors preferred in this etoffe ancienne are brick dust, red, old blue, tapestry green and gun-metal grey. The latter, which is the tone of cloth of silver, has come into wide popularity. When it is used for an evening wrap it is lavishly embroidered with brilliant flowers in dull pink, green and faded yellow.

When that odd red is used the collars are mostly silver and gold, with a dash of blue—not conventional blue, but that odd Italian tone that harmonizes with the red.

It is promised that the early spring hats will be made of this fabric. They are not new in Paris, but they are in America. There is a puffed crown of the etoffe ancienne and a brim of gathered or shirred net. The trimming is a heavy rose cloth of gold or silver.

* * *

With so many fascinating fabrics upon the dry goods counters and so many fetching fashions in the new style books it is hard for the girl who deftly plies a needle to regularly attend a sewing class for the poor instead of devoting the Lenten leisure to making several spring frocks for herself.

Shirt waist suits are simplest of all the season's showing in frocks, and to reproduce some of the prettiest models is not a stupendous undertaking for an amateur who possesses patience as well as the determination to surmount difficulties. And she should have first-class patterns. In many instances paper replicas of some of the smartest-looking designs in shirt waist suits are not to be had for affection or money, but by careful, intelligent study of the plates it will be found that a familiar circular or gored skirt, a blouse or a jumper pattern may be adapted to the design which is to be copied, as the salient features which make certain of the new models seem ultra smart are really a matter of sleeves, girdles or trimming. Unquestionably Russian features distinguish the newest shirt waist suits which show the long shouldered blouse with cut-in-one sleeves and the circular skirt with a tunic of knee or hip length. Such a suit is readily put together and for either morning or afternoon house wear is trim and pretty when developed in striped mohair, pongee, veiling or shepherd's plaid.

MAIN CAUSE OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

WHY so many accidents on our railroads?" The answer to this question is given by Master Mechanic F. P. Roesch, of the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad, in one word—"chance-takers." And he says emphatically that the chance-taker must go; having eliminated him, we shall also have done away with our accidents. The fundamental cause of railway wrecks, Mr. Roesch told the railway surgeons at their recent annual meeting, is the human element. He gives an "honor list" of roads which did not kill a single passenger during the last fiscal year, but omits to mention the Lackawanna, which has not killed one in ten years. We read as follows in Railway and Locomotive Engineering:

Mr. Roesch said that in former years it was not uncommon to hear the statement that in proportion to the number of men engaged there were more fatalities on American railways than in any one battle in the Civil War. At the present time railroads afford greater safety to passengers carried by them than by any other means of transportation.

"In support of this Mr. Roesch pointed out that the Pennsylvania, the Burlington, the Santa Fe, and the Chicago & Northwestern ran their passenger trains for the year end-

Pink Satin Gown with Gold Embroidered Lace Tunic

ing June 30, 1909, without a single fatality to passengers. In 1908 the New York City street-cars killed 444 persons and injured 30,060. With regard to steam railroads very few accidents can be set down to defective equipment. Railroads are still striving to improve conditions further by constantly adopting, at enormous outlay and expense, any new equipment or appliances which have stood the test and are proved to be efficient safety-devices.

"When one comes down to the only phase of railroad operation that so far has been beyond absolute control, the element of human fallibility stands out as the primary cause of accidents in 99 cases out of every 100. The whole matter, therefore, in Mr. Roesch's opinion, resolves itself into a campaign of education. Every one connected with railroad work must be taught that he is a valuable cog in the railway machine, and that any failure on his part may jeopardize the lives of hundreds.

"Mr. Roesch is emphatic in what he says of how to deal with the man who is habitually careless. . . . On this subject Mr. Roesch says: 'The chance-taker, regardless of position, must be weeded out, and if he can not be brought to a realization of his responsibility in any other manner, then statutory laws should be enacted and enforced, treating the proven chance-taker through whose carelessness, indifference, or neglect others have been subject to injury, as a convicted criminal, as much so as one who commits a felonious assault.

"'When men can be taught to realize that indifference to the safety of others may in the course of events some time place his own life or that of a member of his family in danger, a longer step will have been taken toward increased safety than all the mechanical appliances that can possibly be adopted.'"

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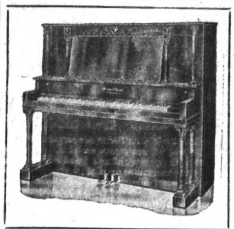

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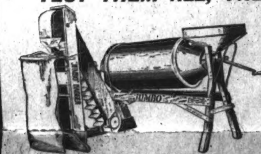

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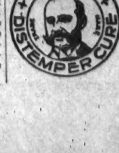

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THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1910

Was it not nice of him? This week, Mr. Munro, the Postmaster, whose building fronts the city hall, and who was responsible for the unsightly and dangerous pile of brick-bats we called attention to a couple of weeks ago, has had the bats removed, and the street cleaned up—like the old woman kept tavern in Chicago.

—o—o—

Mark Twain (Samuel Longhorne Clemens) dead. The kindly soul of America's dean of humorists has passed on to the other sphere.

It is impossible to measure the cheer and kindly comfort, the strength and breadth of heritage he has left behind. He lived to make a world smile, and a world will bow in reverence and grief when all that is mortal of him will be laid away; but he lives, greater in death than in life, for in our hearts, sympathies and memories, he is immortal.

I wonder if Mark is to be held accountable for all the little dreams, follies, and extravagancies that used to slip away from his pen in the old days. If he is, then the Lord help the ordinary run of we poor miserable sinners.

—o—o—

More rain, more rest. This is the open season for scare-cats with regard to the dry year. The ground is in need of rain it will be admitted, but the rainy season is not due for three weeks at least. It may seem a long time for the seed to be in the ground without moisture, but it will be remembered that the spring opened quite a month ahead of time, and the farmers were on the land long before it was usual.

The rainy season comes on in middle and southern Alberta about the 20th of May and continues for a full month. In fourteen years in this country I have not known it to vary a week in this approach to the growing season, and in the last seven years Southern Alberta has never had a season so dry as to make dry-farming a necessity.

A month longer and the moisture will be here, in sufficient and stimulating quantities. In the meantime break up the prairie, and keep on with the seeding.

—o—o—

Such a Mysteriousness! Last week, Bennett; Richard Bedford; Vocabularie Dick; finished his examination of the Duke of Dunvegan, Lord Cornwall. Richard lives and so does the Duke. The mysterious mysteries failed to appear. Richard examined, and cross-examined, and prepared to snatch Cornwall bald-headed, but the best he did was to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Cornwall, Coxey Cornwall, was interested in the A. and G. W., was interested in the north country, and rather well-pleased with himself for his success in life. He told of his attempt to interest the Government in his railway scheme at $12,000 a mile, admitted his connection with Clarke, and gave away the fact that the Premier had known that engineers were positive the road could be built for, at least, $14,000 a mile. Further than that, Peeping Tom, the C.P.R. solicitor, and Father of his (adopted) country, did not get, even after he had tried to drag a woman into the case.

—o—o—

Better to spend than to break. Very recently the Council framed and passed a fire by-law. It was at the request of the men who were doing business, and making investments within the restricted area, and its intentions were evident. Before, however, the law has been printed, which, without doubt, will be before the return of the comet, applications are presented to the Council for privilege to break and thus destroy the letter and intent of the ordinance.

This is no special compliment to the intelligence of the local legislators, and they did a wise stunt, when on Wednesday night, over-ruled out the decision that THE LAW WAS TO STAND, and builders within the restricted area are to comply with the same in their future activities. The worth and intention of a fire by-law is apparent, both in the matter of protection and prevention, but also in building a solid business centre. The shack day is over for Taber.

—o—o—

Already one can hear the trickle of the six-bit leaky water tap, and the death rattle of the bath tub. A. P. Burns—not Pat—has unloaded his machinery for digging the mains and sewers according to his contract with the city. His employees on the work are also here, so that the installation of the system will be proceeded with at once. Shake hand with yourself, Taber.

—o—o—

We are short of room this week. A live-wire dropped in and short-circuited us, and the result is that before we could spread out the days slipped by and we had to go to press as we are. There are several news items that must be passed over for next week, the most important of which was the delightful "At Home" of the Oddfellows. If Taber always entertains as this lodge did on Tuesday night, then indeed are our lines fallen in pleasant places.

BASEBALL

The first baseball game of the season was played on the Burdett diamond last Friday and Burdett lost by a score of 19 to 6.

The home team showed a lack of practice and in addition several of the best players were absent when the game was called. The Grassy Lake boys showed by their work that they had been out and participated in considerable practice as their team work was very much superior to that displayed by the local team.

The Burdett boys started off with a bunch of four runs and everything looked lovely until one of the local players made a bad muff and this seemed to rattle the others, and errors thereafter came thick and fast and were made largely by the home players.

BOXING

Chicago, April 22. —There is at least one negro in the land in whose breast there lurks no fear of the popular Friday superstition. That negro is Jack Johnson, who selected Friday of all the days in the week on which to begin his journey westward to the scene of his coming battle with Jim Jeffries for the world's pugilistic championship.

Accompanied by a bevy of trainers and camp followers, and also by his beloved automobile, the source of many tribulations and trials, the big negro pugilist leaves Chicago this evening en route for California, where he will immediately begin active training for the coming fight. On his journey to the west, he will make several stops to pick up a few stray dollars by giving exhibitions of scenes in a training camp. His first stand will be Omaha, where he is booked to show to-morrow night. On Monday he will appear in Salt Lake City, and on Thursday of next week he will fill a date in Los Angeles. From the latter place he will turn toward San Francisco, and within a week he expects to be following the routine of the training camp at Ocean Beach.

Johnson's party comprises his wife, Manager Sig. Hart and wife, Marty Cutler, Joe Rodgers, "Kid" Cotton and Barney Furey. "Gunboat" Smith, the Pacific coast heavyweight, and several other pugilists and trainers have been notified to join the party at Ocean Beach. According to present arrangements, Johnson will start daily boxing and other training stunts as soon as he arrives at Ocean Beach, and will follow [illegible] until the day before the big battle in the Golden Gate city.

Local and General

Progress is being made with Alex Campbell's new home.

Walter Shelton left on Monday for Tyner, Sask., where he has taken up a homestead.

The deputation from the school board, which visited Raymond, on Saturday last, got a cool reception at that place.

D. J. Fraser is building a fine residence in the east end of the town and expects to have his family here in a few weeks.

We regret that owing to lack of time and space we are compelled to hold the Barnwell correspondence over till next week.

Rev. J. R. Munro left on Monday for Edmonton to attend the annual meeting of the synod. His place will be taken by Rev. T. J. Bennett, of Calgary, on Sunday.

Mr. Williams, the Medicine Hat architect who, we understand, has in charge the building of the new school, is in town in connection with the work

Dr Nelson, who has been ill in Lethbridge hospital for some time past, returned on Tuesday afternoon looking better than expected after his severe attack.

Mayor Douglas and Counsellor R. A. Van Orman and Mr. P. Hammer visited Edmonton this week to interview the government re townsite. Mrs. Douglas and family accompanied them.

Read Vickery & Co.'s sale announcement on back page. The sale of $10,000 stock commences tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Bargains to be had and goods guaranteed. Be early for the opening and be prepared to buy.

The Outlaw is being herded in from the back pasture and will be ridden to a finish in a few weeks. The seemingly impossible has been accomplished. The Taber Free Press has been revived and put on a paying basis within five weeks, and now we are looking for other tasks.

Constable Coleridge, one of the best know and popular of the R.N.W.M.P. passed through Taber this week and called on us to pass the glad hand and a cheerful "hello." Col. was the Governor General for the Mock Parliament who rough-housed the refreshments in room 7, Underwood Retreat, Grassy Lake, on the opening of parliament.

For Sale

Choice early Rose Seed Potatoes. Guaranteed free from waste and to be all good. To be delivered on or about May 1st.
GEO. A. BEANE,
River Bow P.O., Alta.

SEED OATS FOR SALE. White Banner Oats, $1.50 per 100 lbs. E. Mezener, sec. 6-19-16.

Early potatoes for seed. Enquire at the Taber Flour and Feed Store.

TO LET.—Small house, close in. Enquire of H. A. Brown, Taber.

TO RENT.—Small House. Also two upstairs rooms. Apply, H. S. Campbell.

WANTED.—A room in private house, south side of the track, telephone preferred, for business man.—Apply, Box H, Free Press.

OXFORD CAFE
(Late Imperial Restaurant)
Taber, Alta.
Under New Management From April 12th
JOE FONG - PROPRIETOR
CANDIES AND FRUITS
TOBACCOS AND CIGARS
VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS
Best Clean Help in the World

PALM THEATRE
(Formerly Beck's Opera House)
Lessee and Manager—C. E. JUDSON
MOVING PICTURES
Every Night at 8 o'clock except Wednesday Night
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT
DANCING CLASS
Under the direction of Mrs Carl Judson
Wed. Night, 7.00-9.30
SOCIAL DANCE FROM 9.30 p.m. TO 1 a.m.

Owl Restaurant
Up-to-date Meals at all Hours
PRICES ON BILL OF FARE FOR MEALS
Barber Shop in Connection
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Hair tonic of all descriptions at reasonable prices
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
MR. & MRS. A. D. KNOX
Just east of Palace Hotel, Main Street Taber

BANK OF HAMILTON
Whatever the Goal in Life, Thrift is Essential to Success.
Thrift can best be cultivated by opening a Savings Account.
Once started it will astonish you to find how rapidly the money accumulates.
The dollars pile up—slowly at first—then more and more quickly as interest is added to principal.
The BANK OF HAMILTON invites Savings Accounts; and, by the elimination of all unnecessary "red tape" affords a convenient, as well as safe method of encouraging thrift.
Interest—at highest current rate—credited on deposits of $1.00 and upwards.
W. H. LECK - Agent
TABER, ALTA.

Head Office, HAMILTON
Capital Paid-up - - - $2,500,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits - 2,900,000
Total Assets - - - over 35,000,000

PERCY LAPUM LEACH 1910
An Exceptional Snap
in a city house property. 4 roomed frame, shingle roofed house, stone foundation; chicken coop, a cow shed and half an acre of ground. Excellent well and water. Only 5 blocks from Front Street. Side walk will be laid on this street this year and on the same side of the street as this property. Will be close to new school. If you want a home you can't touch it elsewhere for the money. If you want it as an investment you can't go wrong. An unusual and genuine snap at $500. See me about it to-day.
PERCY LAPUM LEACH
Phone 90. Office—Alberta Drug Block.

Pioneer Lumber Co. Ltd.
We carry a complete stock of the best in
LUMBER
AND
BUILDING MATERIAL
Come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere
A square deal to everybody is our motto
W. S. RUSSELL - Manager

The Value of Physical Exercises For Beauty

LET any ten women walk across the floor in my nearing," recently declared a physical culture lecturer "and I will tell you blindfolded which are the ones who have looked after the health of their muscles and which have not. Those who have kept themselves in good trim will have a crispness of step which is unmistakable to the trained ear. Those who have not will have what I call a 'dopy step'—a dull flop of the foot, or a drag, which is evidence as readable as Holy Writ that they have neglected the body at its most important point."

A careful watch of the expressions of one's own walk will testify to the truthfulness of this statement, and if at the bad times we look at our faces in a mirror we will notice that every feature of it looks as old or as dull as the walk seems.

From the mere point of looks, then, physical exercises are important, but to have any great value in that direction the development must be harmonious. In other words, the body must be taught to move and carry its various parts with perfect balance and equilibrium, and not show merely a bunch of hard muscles somewhere or other.

A healthful, and consequently graceful, pose of the body is the first thing to consider, and this improvement of posture must not be put off and en like the Sunday frock, but be habitual. It is best achieved by certain light exercises taken twice a day, but the constant thought, "I must stand properly," will go a long way toward effecting the desired end.

Any number of actual diseases, let alone grave uglinesses of body, are said by physicians to be the result of standing or sitting improperly. To these ungraceful and harmful attitudes is often laid curvature of the spine, while, if not predisposing to lung disease, they at least help to pave the way for it. Even crossing the legs while sewing or reading is said to be bad, as this very inelegant habit, compressing the arteries and veins, may cause rheumatism and paralysis. To have a footstool handy when sitting down for a long spell of work or reading will do much toward correcting this vulgar tendency, for it really comes from the fact that the chair is too high for comfort. Half of the ungraceful attitudes in which the feet are posed while sitting—such as wrapping them around the chair leg, or thrusting them far forward—are also due largely to the unsuitability of the chair, for all persons cannot use chairs of the same height.

An excellent standing pose is sometimes taught young French girls with the following gymnasium drill: They are made to stand back against a board partition in such a way that the back of the head, shoulders, elbows, back, palms and heels press against it; at a given signal the girls wheel and face the board, when it is seen, if they stand correctly, that only the bust and the tip of the nose touch it.

The lift of the chest caused by the two simple movements gives freer space for lung expansion, and the head is held erect and proudly, as it should be. If children are made to practice this standing pose alone night and morning they would soon get out of the way of standing awkwardly, and the good results of the training would last them till the end of their lives. But nobody is too old not to get benefit from it, and, everything else unconsidered, it is a splendid help to the digestion.

Walking about the room on the balls of the feet while dressing is a fine leg exercise, and the following breathing and arm exercises combined will expand the chest, harden the bust and correct round shoulders:

Let the arms hang with a dead limpness for a moment, withdrawing with a mental effort all force from them. Then lift the hands, place them palm to palm and interlace the thumbs. Then raise the hands straight up over the head, at the same time inhaling deeply. Count five while the arms are in this position and hold the breath; then lower the arms slowly and exhale compietely.

Repeat this exercise night and morning six times, and vary it sometimes by holding the breath at the time of lowering the arms and letting it out after they are down. These movements throw the nerve force into the finger tips, and if the exerciser takes the trouble to notice when she lifts her arms, it will seem as if she is drawing the ribs apart and giving all the internal organs more room.

An excellent exercise for filling out the hollows of the neck and throat is to rise upon the tips of the toes at the moment of drawing in the long breath already described. Then, still standing upon the balls of the feet, the exerciser must hold the breath while she counts fifteen, endeavoring, at the same time, to direct its force against the muscles of the throat and neck.

Another good neck exercise is to move the head rythmically from side to side, first one way and then the other, then backward and forward, and finally around, from first one side and then another, in a circular way.

The sitting posture of the untrained body is generally as bad as the standing one, and there is no excuse for a rumpled up stomach and concave chest even with the hardest sewing or writing. The spine should be held erect, with the back braced against the chair back if some support is felt to be needed; and if there is ever any bending done it should be at the hips and not at the waist. "It is treating the waist as if it were a joint which causes such aching backs and shoulders," declares one authority on this momentous subject; while all those who deal with the value of bodily exercises absolutely affirm that each one, however far removed the movement may be from the legs, helps toward acquiring a graceful walk.

Smart Gown and Coat Styles—Late Freaks in Sleeves

FIG. A.—PRINCESS GOWN WITH FLOUNCE EFFECT.

FIG. B—A COMBINATION OF BODICE AND TOKE SKIRT.

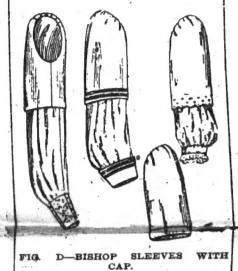

FIG. D—BISHOP SLEEVES WITH CAP.

FIG. D—PLAIN AND TUCKED BISHOP.

FIG. C—A PRACTICAL AUTUMN COAT.

VERILY, as far as Fashion is concerned, there is nothing new under the sun. However novel a thing may appear, one has only to look in the fashion books of vanished periods to find out that Madame Mode merely returns to her old madnesses. The burdensome basket hats which lately swept the feminine world off its feet were all reminiscent of the top-heavy headgear of the Directoire; and now—blessed be old loves—here we are returning to the pin-back skirt effects of the Seventies, and to the sentimental sleeves which belong to the day of the "spencer." Bishop sleeves they are called, as they were then, and under this name the arm coverings definitely recall some revivals of a dozen years ago.

For soft materials, these gathered sleeves, with their loose, limply hanging puffs and pretty shoulder caps, are most charming and suitable, and, as they possess a certain aesthetic grace, they doubtless will be much favored by thin women. Truth to tell, the thin woman has it still all her own way, for it is no use to pretend that the statue-like draperies of fine dress and the chopped-up effects of medium dress are for any but sylph-like figures.

In the way of practical coats and ordinary walking dress the average world is still considered, and as few women can afford the setting which goes with the more startling effects, perhaps the commonplaceness of these is desirable. At any rate, the woman who is expert with her needle will find in many a new garment of sensible nature more than one suggestion for making over old clothes.

Except for the sleeves, which are smaller than then, many a coat repeats the lines of two winters or more ago, as it takes it. The fashionable step is rather long than short, the abdomen is held well in, the head high, the shoulders back, the chest out, and there is a faint hint, as the lady moves, that she is walking mostly upon the balls of the feet.

Yet she must be no wise give the secret of her grace away with any exaggeration of any one of these features—she must go by in a whole piece, as one born to the art of walking.

Katarina Mayer

Finally, let me say that to walk gracefully is one of woman's most important accomplishments, for, no matter how fair the body may be, it loses its right to charm when walking movements are unbeautiful.

So, if you have no time or taste for other exercises, practice mere art of walking gracefully, take the practice stroll outdoors and breathe deeply as you take it. The fashionable step is rather long than short, the abdomen is held well in, the head high, the shoulders back, the chest out, and there is a faint hint, as the lady moves, that she is walking mostly upon the balls of the feet.

Yet she must be no wise give the secret of her grace away with any exaggeration of any one of these features—she must go by in a whole piece, as one born to the art of walking.

For some time to come. It is too juvenile a fancy for any except young persons, and is far more suited to a smart dress than a practical one.

The group of models displayed today suggest some of the mid-Autumn phases in gowns, coats and sleeves, and any one or all of them may be confidently followed by the home sewer. The medium figure is considered in the measurements given for material; and before I go any further pray let me assure my readers again that I shall be glad to answer any questions concerning dress in any department.

Figure A. This princess gown, if trimmed elaborately as shown, is suited to any handsome silk or cloth, while a plain back and front and a simpler material may receive it into something for every-day wear. For since the princess is so popular, it is vain to suggest that the smartness of the style should confine its use to the best frock. In the illustration ramie linen, in a deep Autumn-berry red, shapes the dress, with a stout lace and soutache braid in the same shade. Linen and crash in these rich tints are quite admissible for all-winter wear in the house, and there be a long coat to cover the dress it may go until very late Autumn for street use.

But Henriette and cashmere constitute, of course, more reasonable materials for a dress which requires as much work as this, and since braiding promises to continue its vogue such stuffs could be treated at the front to soutache instead of with the lace here used. In the material pictured, the frock makes a most satisfactory dress with which to finish the season, and, if liked, the dress may be entirely untrimmed and still look well, for the cut nowadays is everything.

With a 24-inch material eleven yards of goods would be required for the gown, and if the material is double width only six yards would be needed.

Figure B. This combination of fussy bodice and yoke skirt is so suggestive of antiquated modes that it seems hard to believe that Madame Mode intends to present it as something entirely new. But such is the case, and if the cut-up effect of the dress is too trying for many figures, for others it would be smart and fine to a marked degree. The bodice or skirt could be used separately or combined, as shown, to compose a frock for dressy afternoon or semi-dress evening service, and in either case any delicate wool, pretty silk or veiling would be a suitable material.

For a young woman of angular type the division made by the yoke and trimming of the skirt would help to suggest less height, while the puff sleeves and elaborate front of the bodice offer a very graceful disguise for thinness. Since sleeves are now so much a matter of separate consideration, the pretty puff effects may be accepted as suitable for a smart indoor bodice in any style.

As pictured, the dress is made of French silk cashmere with braided bands and a combination of lace for the bodice.

Figure C. Such a coat as this one can be utilized for motoring, shopping, travelling, stormy weather, etc., and if topped as in the illustration with a smart and appropriate hat, the garment is suitable for any walking use. The coat is made of diagonal coating, with a military collar of velvet and buttons to match. Modish motor coats in this shape are sometimes made of plaid wools in striking colors, but for all round use the coat is best in a single tone and dark color. The model is a very easy one for the home sewer to follow, as the double-breasted fronts are fitted chiefly by the shoulder darts, and the back of the garment may be entirely in one piece. A three-quarter cut in this style is also practicable, though the coat is definitely smarter and more useful when full length.

As a double width goods cuts to better advantage, I would suggest buying a 44 or 52-inch material, when, for many figures less than four yards would be required.

Picture D. The bishop sleeve in all its ramifications is here shown, any one of the models or all of them being especially suited to house dresses of every description. In the smarter more stylish group which shows three designs only, are displayed very graceful effect for tea gowns, flannel shirtwaists and little dressy odd bodices in soft mulls or silks or lace. The sleeve with the cap and cuff could also be used for the most stylish cloth gowns, and the combination gives ideas for the using up of materials on hand which may be in good condition.

The second group of sleeves displays the various methods of treating the bottom of the long shoulder cap and such wrist finishes as would go with the soft puff that hangs below it. Half a glance would tell anybody fairly gifted with the needle that sleeves in this style present unnumbered possibilities for making old sleeves into new. The cap and cuff should be of the bodice material, but any lace, net or thin silk, suitably colored or in white or cream, would do for the puff.

Mary Dean

Canned Pears—Bartlett pears are considered by many housekeepers the best for canning. If not perfectly ripe, they can be easily mellowed by wrapping them up in a woolen blanket; but they must be a little under rather than over-ripe for canning. To every quart jar allow seven or eight medium-sized pears, a pint of water, and one-fourth pound of sugar. Cut the fruit in halves, pare, core and throw at once into cold water to prevent discoloration. Put the sugar and water first into a preserving kettle and let heat slowly; when the scum appears, remove it carefully, and as soon as the syrup boils hard add the fruit and boil all together from three to ten minutes.

Put a cloth wet in cold water, around the jar when putting in the hot fruit, in order to prevent breakage, and further make sure against this by putting in a couple of pears and a little juice at a time. When the jar is full run a silver knife down the sides of it to let out the air bubbles, and seal tightly while the fruit is still hot. Canned pears should be kept in a cool dark place.

Sealed pears, which may be canned in the same way, are best when picked directly from the tree and canned at once. If too hard, both they and the Bartletts may be boiled for ten minutes or less before putting them in the syrup.

THE TABER FREE PRESS

THE PRIZES

There are to be nine prizes whose total value is Five Hundred Dollars.

First. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.

Second. A Solid Gold Watch (Lady's or Gentleman's) secured from Wright the Jeweller, with a value of One Hundred Dollars.

Third. A Solid Gold (Lady's or Gentleman's) Watch, with a value of Seventy Five Dollars.

Fourth. Fifty Dollars in Gold.

Fifth. Twenty Five Dollars in Gold.

Sixth. Twenty Dollars in Gold.

Seventh. Fifteen Dollars in Gold.

Eighth. Ten Dollars in Gold.

Ninth. Five Dollars in Gold.

HAS

The Staff

The Plant

The Advertisers

AND IS GOING AFTER

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

Any person residing in the territory, in which the Taber Free Press circulates is eligible to enter the contest.

The Contest Manager reserves the right to reject any nominations.

A coupon will also be published in the Taber Free Press, which when neatly cut out, name filled in, and brought or sent in within the date specified thereon, will count as votes.

The first thing to do is to enter your name as a candidate, then either call, write or phone to the Taber Free Press for a receipt book with which to secure subscriptions. Then let your friends know that you are in the contest and request them to save their votes for you.

Candidates can nominate themselves or may be nominated by their friends. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the Taber Free Press to enter the contest.

All special vote ballots issued on subscriptions are good until the end of the contest and they may be voted at the discretion of the candidate or subscriber.

Votes are not transferable.

Votes will be allowed on subscriptions secured anywhere, but subscriptions must be paid in advance to secure votes.

The votes will be counted and canvassed by a committee of prominent citizens.

In case of a tie the prizes will be divided between the contestants who tie.

Any questions which may arise will be settled by the Taber Free Press and its decision will be absolute and final.

Nominations must have the addresses of candidates.

INFORMATION BLANK

Contest Manager
THE TABER FREE PRESS,
Taber, Alta.

Please send me detailed information concerning **THE GREAT PRIZE CONTEST OF THE TABER FREE PRESS** and the method to be pursued to win one of the many valuable prizes.

Name.....

Address.....

Phone.....

Cut Out and Send to the Taber Free Press.

THE CIRCULATION

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

Send in your nomination. You will find a nomination blank on another page. The nomination blank is good for 1,000 votes, which gives you a fine start. Only one nomination blank can be used by a candidate.

You can get votes and subscriptions anywhere, from either district, as well as your own.

Votes will be given on new subscriptions and renewals of old subscriptions that are paid to you in advance.

Call or send to the Taber Free Press office for a receipt book. The contest manager will be glad to have you call, so that he can explain anything you do not understand. Telephone or write to him if you cannot call, and a representative will give you full details possible. But work for the special ballots. They count the most.

Don't forget that the children can do the most effective work in collecting the daily coupons, as well as secure you many paid-in-advance subscriptions.

Should your father, brother, mother, sisters or friends belong to any organisation, get them to secure the votes and assistance of the members of the organisation.

Do not let a day pass without securing some subscriptions and votes. The steady, persistent worker is what will make you the winner of a valuable prize. Keeping everlastingly at it is what always brings success.

Anyone, anywhere, can vote for any candidate. Candidates can secure votes and subscriptions anywhere.

It is easier to ask questions than to correct mistakes. Do not hesitate to ask questions. The contest manager is at the Taber Free Press office to help you.

To get this we are prepared to spend

$500

and this is how we propose to do it.

SCALE OF VOTES

The scale of votes for prepaid subscriptions to the Taber Free Press is as follows. Voting power of Subscriptions and prices of THE TABER FREE PRESS

	New	Renewals	Price
Six months	600	300	$0.75
One year...	2,000	1,000	1.50
Two years	6,000	3,000	3.00
Three years	10,000	5,000	4.50
Five years	20,000	10,000	7.50

Anyone who was taking the Taber Free Press at the time this contest started will be classed as an old subscriber. All others will be classed as new subscribers.

A subscription will not be counted as new, if it is simply transferred from one member of the family or household to another.

The contest officially begins on May 5th.

For further information call upon, telephone, or address Contest Manager, Taber Free Press Office.

The Taber Free Press has been well received in Taber. We had a hard fight for a few weeks, but now that we have our head out and both hands free we propose to win all the way. That is to say our income exceeds our outlay very considerably every month, and now that the initiatory struggle is over we are going to build ourselves into proportion that will reflect credit upon ourselves and upon the little city we have the honor to represent. We want the circulation. We want 2,000 more readers than we have, and to accomplish this we are going to give

Five Hundred Dollars in Prizes

$500 IN PRIZES $500

We want 2,000 more subscribers than we have already.

THE PEOPLE, ALL THE PEOPLE, READ THE TABER FREE PRESS

SPORTING GOODS

BASEBALL
LACROSSE
FOOTBALL
TENNIS

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Alberta Drug & Stationery Co., Hough St., Taber

SAY—

Mr. New Comer!

DID YOU SAY CHINOOK WINDS ?

TRY OUR

GOGGLES

AND BEHOLD THE CHANGE! IT'S SUNNY ALBERTA THEN.

WESTLAKE'S

Jewellery and Stationery Store

H. M. WHIDDINGTON, Strathcona. W. A. WHIDDINGTON, Lethbridge.

H. M. & W. A. WHIDDINGTON
REGD. ARCHITECTS

211, Sherlock Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF LETHBRIDGE.

IN THE ESTATE OF Franz Elbert, Deceased.

Pursuant to the order of His Honor Judge Winter, dated the 9th day of April, 1910.

TAKE NOTICE that all persons having any claims or demands against the late Franz Elbert, who died on or about the 31st day of August, 1909, at Taber, intestate, are required on or before the 31st day of May, 1910, to deliver to Annie Elbert, administratrix of the estate of the said Franz Elbert, deceased, in care of Simon and Shepherd, Barristers, Lethbridge, her solicitors, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims in writing, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, and such statement shall be verified by Statutory Declaration made by the Claimant, or his or her agent.

AND TAKE FURTHER NOTICE that after the said 31st day of May, 1910, the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice and the said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part of them to any person of whose claim she shall not then have received notice.

DATED AT LETHBRIDGE this 9th day of April, A.D. 1910.

SIMMONS & SHEPHERD,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.

SEE

Robert Johnson

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

FOR

Mine Work

Contracting & Jobbing

Carriage & Woodwork

Plow Work and Horseshoeing Specialties

BEHIND SCHOOLHOUSE

BARNWELL

News, Notes and Comments

Alfred E. Lauder, a former Calgary boy is now building a monoplane at Vancouver, B.C., the first to be built in that province. He expects to have it complete and make a successful test within two months.

×

Efforts are being made by people of the northern States to stop the stream of emigrants into Canada by the circulation of malicious stories, chiefly directed against the Canadian immigration officers at the boundary.

×

Kenora, April 20—John Vestendahl, formerly of Winnipeg, was sentenced to 18 months in the Central Prison Toronto for theft and falsifying the accounts of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., of which he was head clerk.

×

Provincial Constable Lane, of Mission Junction, B.C. lost his life, Monday evening, in a desperate battle with a band of hoboes, who were coming north on the Seattle express. Three men have been arrested for conection with the murder.

×

Minnie Goodman and Katie Polynuck escaped on Friday, from the Portage la Prairie reformatory, where they had been placed by Magistrate Daly on being found in a Chinese opium den in Winnipeg. They have not yet been found.

×

In two days 159 people with capital aggregating about $200,000 took tickets at St. Paul, Minn., intending to emigrate to Canada. Among them were twenty Missourian families comprising 60 people, with capital and effects worth $88,000.

×

Winnipeg, April 20—This morning in police court Charles Erickson was sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary with twenty-four lashes for seducing his step daughter, Sarah, constantly since March 1902. The girl told a pitiable story of having four children by him, the first being born before she was fourteen.

×

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has promised the Liberal members from Western Canada that he would spend two months in the West during the coming summer. Hon. Messrs. Graham and Fielding will probably accompany him and public meetings will be held at all the principal points in the West. The tour will probably take place during July and August.

×

"Kootenai" Brown, of the Waterton Lakes, the old trapper, hunter, and the hero of a thousand romances and adventures, is to have his stamping ground made a forest reserve as an order-in-council has been passed setting aside certain lands surrounding Kootenay Lakes in Southern Alberta as forest reserve, and regulations provide for the preservation of fish and game therein, and there is also provision that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold within the reserve.

×

Cardinal, Ont., April 22.—Albert Holmes, formerly of Brouseville, and who recently purchased a farm about two miles west of Cardinal, from N. A. Bolton, suddenly attacked the latter and murdered him. It appears both men were engaged in cutting up a pig, when Holmes drew the knife across Bolton's neck, causing a wound which resulted in death.

Holmes is said to be insane as a result of worry over the fact that he thought he paid too much for the farm.

×

Montreal, April 21—A double murder was committed near Shawville last night as the result of an altercation between gipsies. Two young men named Harry Howes and Wm. Dale was shot and killed. Mike Murphey, a gipsy and his wife are under arrest, charged with the killing. Both victims belong to respectable families. last evening seven or eight young men visited a gipsy camp, and in some way annoyed the gipsies. Murphey became enraged, and taking his gun, gave chase. He overtook Howe and Dale and shot both. Others of the party hid in a house and escaped. Murphy was afterwards attacked by one of the party and disarmed.

×

Cardston, April 21.—Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Wright and Fields, who are drilling for water on the Van Pelt property which adjoins the town on the south south, reached the 160 ft. level, and discovered a fine flow of natural gas. When tested, the gas showed considerable strength, and at present there is quantity enough to light and heat a dozen residences. Mr. Wright expects to pass the 200 ft level before they reach water, which will be is confident he a flowing well. The quantity of gas at present is of commercial value. Mr. Van Pelt, who expects to erect a large residence on this property during the next few months, is assured of heat and light for many years to come. Whether the flow is sufficiently large to supply the town or manufacturing concerns, remains to be seen.

From the ADVERTISER of last week:—

The death occurred at her late residense, C Street on Monday morning of Mrs. Paterson, a late resident of Taber. The deceased was 59 years of age and was a native of Lanarkshire Scotland and came to Canada about a year ago. Early in December she became ill with Bright's decease but it was thought was on the way to recovery. A husband and family of six residing in Taber and Pincher Creek. The funeral took on Tuesday morning to the cemetary.

The FREE PRESS extends condolences.

Raymond, April 22.—On Wednesday, while working on the Buck ranch barn, Mr. Parly Van Wagoner Sr. was seriously hurt and is now in the hospital at Lethbridge.

Himself and others were working on the barn in that heavy wind on Wednesday when an extra gust of wind came and completely destroyed the rafters and heavy wood work above the second floor.

Mr. Parly VanWagoner Sr. saw the timber falling and tried to get out of the way but the timber buried him; he finally managed to get out and went to see if anyone was hurt before realising that he was the injured one. He was brought to Raymond and was sent to the hospital at Lethbridge.

His head, shoulders, back and legs were bruised; one shoe was completely torn off and his foot severely crushed; two of his toes were almost severed. He is reported to be recovering.

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Calgary, Alta., April 22—A movement started here during the past week for a university in this city, is meeting with encouraging financial suport. Dr. T. H. Blow, who is the prime mover, has recieved from W. J. Tregillus the offer of a quarter section of land near the city. There are absolutely no strings attached to this gengrous offer except the stipulation that an institution worthy of the name be established.

Should the site offered by Mr. Tregillus be accepted it is expected that the property owners surrounding the site offered will give liberally in land which will form the nucleus of an endowment fund for the establishment of a chair or chairs in the university. A meeting will be held at once to see what possibilities this endowment fund presents and how far it is possible to go in establishing a university in Calgary, with a land endowment fund that in the course of time will become very valuable and a source of wealth in providing for the wants of a great university. It is also hoped one or two munificent endowments will be given by Calgary's wealthy men, such as the building of a wing to be called in perpetuity after the name of the donor.

The business end of the project will be properly organized under a provisional committee which will take charge of all deeds and donations during the initial stage of the establishment when everything would be handed over to the properly constituted authorities.

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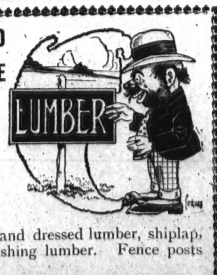
We have been requested to mention that if a certain member of the Banking fraternity in town will scan our miscellaneous advertisements, he will notice a slight change in one of the "ads." which will make plain to him that which apparently he failed to understand from our last issue.

ALL TRAILS SEEM TO RUN TOGETHER AT THE

Citizen's Lumber Co.



A full stock of rough and dressed lumber, shiplap, flooring, joists, and furnishing lumber. Fence posts and scantling.

EVERYTHING A BUILDER NEEDS

but the nails and the labour.

THEO. B. ZWIESLER, Manager, TABER BRANCH.

For the People Who Care to Dress Tastefully

WE HAVE A STOCK THAT WILL ...PLEASE...

Those Who Don't Care

WILL BE DOUBLY PLEASED

—BECAUSE—

OUR CLOTHING

imparts a neat dressy appearance which gets you away from the commonplace.

FOR THE HOT WEATHER

We have some Very Pretty Cool Suits and Waists. The Filmiest of Hose and Gloves. Dainty Fabrics in Muslins, Chambrays, Ginghams, Prints, etc., for the lady who does home dressmaking.

NOVELTIES in SMALLWARES and NOTIONS

"Invictus" Shoes

made by Geo. A. Slater Co. The neatest and most comfortable footwear.

Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets.

Boys' and Girls' Wash Suits and Dresses.

McFarlane's Shoes for Children.

CALL AND SEE US.

CAMPBELL & ANDERSON

Henderson Bros. & Ross

The Big Furniture Store

The Essentials of Successful Selling

ARE . . .

Successful Buying.

We wanted to start right, so we selected right, and BOUGHT RIGHT. That makes it possible for us to sell RIGHT goods at RIGHT prices.

Look over our stock. You are welcome to our time while we show the goods.

Catalogue buying may be good, but SEEING the articles you buy is better. Call in.

Henderson Bros. & Ross

HOUGH STREET — TABER, ALTA.

OLD CHUM Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

Spring weather and spring business are booming in the West. The winter has been so mild that building operations have been carried on steadily, and 1910 building—forecasted as the heaviest that has ever taken place in Western Canada—has started off with a rush. Filing for permits began with the New Year and millions of dollars' worth of plans already were in architects' hands. The Builders' Exchange of Winnipeg has compiled figures of building proposed for the West this year, and these show that no less than $48,000,000 will be expended for new buildings in 1910. Winnipeg is assigned $21,000,000 of this. General business shows that the great activity in building has its warrant and effect. Bank clearings already are $25,000,000 ahead of 1909, and money is generally free and easy to come at for good business enterprises. Solidity and substance are chief elements in the remarkable rush of business that has opened up in the West for the year 1910.

Another healthful sign of business expansion is the great amount of work laid down for doing by the big railway corporations of the West, the C. P.R., the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. Between them, these roads have plans for this season's work that will call for an expenditure of $50,000,000. These plans include the building of over 600 miles of new road by the Canadian Northern and the very great extension of the Grand Trunk Pacific lines in the West. Locally, the G. T.P. is doing a big work in the building of its railway shops at Winnipeg. These shops will cost about $5,000,000, completed, and will employ 4,000 or 5,000 men. The contract for steel construction on the shops—involving 5,000 tons of material, was awarded the Manitoba Iron and Bridge Works, of Winnipeg, and half of this steel has been erected since January. The big new Union station for the use of the G.T.P. the C.N.R., the Great Northern, and the Northern Pacific, is nearing completion, and a deal of terminal facilities work for the G.T.P. and C.N.R. is being pushed forward.

NA-DRU-CO

NA-DRU-CO

When you see this Trade Mark on any Medicinal or Toilet Preparation you purchase, it is an assurance to you that every ingredient entering into that preparation is of the highest quality that money can procure. What is even more important, it is an assurance that these ingredients have been compounded, according to the best formulæ known, by expert chemists of long experience, in the employ of one of the largest wholesale drug firms in the world, the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada.

As you have probably noticed, "NA-DRU-CO" is made up of the first parts of the words "National Drug Company". It is pronounced *"NA-DROO-KO"*, with the accent on the second syllable.

What the Laws Say

For the protection of the public the law of each Province in Canada states that only thoroughly qualified men are allowed to dispense prescriptions—these men being physicians or graduates of recognized Colleges of Pharmacy.

The logical conclusion is that as the laws are made by the representatives of the people, the people want protection, and should welcome the opportunity of being able to procure in any part of Canada the NA-DRU-CO line of medicinal and toilet preparations, compounded by expert chemists from the purest and best ingredients, and guaranteed by a firm of our standing.

When you see the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you have this opportunity and the guarantee for which you are looking.

Source of the NA-DRU-CO Formulae

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, acquired the businesses and maintains the honorable traditions of 21 of the principal wholesale Drug Houses in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver.

All of these firms had long and successful careers, some of them fifty to one hundred years, and during their existence they had accumulated a splendid list of formulæ which all became the property of the "National." After giving these formulæ careful study and practical tests for several years we have now brought out, based on them, the NA-DRU-CO line of about 125 medicinal and toilet preparations. All the ingredients in these preparations are the best and purest that money can buy, and they are compounded by a staff of expert chemists, each of whom ranks high in his profession.

We have such implicit confidence in NA-DRU-CO Preparations that we offer them with

A Four-Fold Guarantee

The First Guarantee

is the firm behind the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the largest wholesale drug firms in the world, having a Paid-up Capital of over Five Million Dollars. We have wholesale branches in the principal distributing centres in Canada so that you can at all times satisfy yourself that there is such a firm. We are the largest buyers of drugs and do the greater part of the wholesale drug business in Canada. We employ a staff of about nine hundred people and distribute in salaries, dividends and other expenses over One Million Dollars annually. We carry a stock distributed among our Branches of about Two Million Dollars, and in addition we own real estate and buildings which are to-day worth about Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, and other large assets.

The Second Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark itself.

We know that the quality of the first NA-DRU-CO preparation you buy will practically decide whether you become a regular user of NA-DRU-CO articles or not—and for that trial you may select any one of the 125 preparations. So we must make each NA-DRU-CO article of the very highest quality or risk the reputation and sales of the whole line.

The Third Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is the fact that NA-DRU-CO preparations are never, at any time or in any place, sold at cut prices.

NA-DRU-CO preparations are so much better than the preparations whose prices are cut that discerning people prefer to pay full prices for the NA-DRU-CO goods.

The Fourth Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is short and very much to the point. If after trying any article bearing the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you are not entirely satisfied, return it to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will hand back your money.

Consult Your Physician

NA-DRU-CO medicinal preparations are not intended to take the place of your physician's prescriptions—far from it. When you are ill you need the physician's skilful diagnosis and treatment, and it would be folly to depend on your own diagnosis and any household remedy.

But in emergencies when you cannot get the doctor quickly, and in many other cases, a reliable household remedy is a real blessing.

To put the absolute reliability of NA-DRU-CO preparations beyond doubt or question, we are prepared to furnish to your physician or your druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO preparation. Ask these men, who are men of standing in your community, and in whom you place implicit confidence, all about NA-DRU-CO remedies.

If your druggist has not the particular NA-DRU-CO preparation you ask for in stock, he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Write for the 1910 NA-DRU-CO Almanac, giving a list of NA-DRU-CO articles and prices, with other useful information. Address "National Drug Co., Advertising Department, 34 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal."

National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches: Halifax—St. John—Montreal—Ottawa—Kingston—Toronto—Hamilton | London—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Nelson—Vancouver—Victoria

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Horseman

Many a good driving horse has his years of usefulness cut short by being left in the hands of some person that does not know how to take care of a horse and does not care what happens to the animal that chances to come into his hands.

One of the most common ways of injuring a driving horse is by driving him hard in cool weather, and when the horse has been brought into a sweat, leaving him uncovered and exposed to cold winds or to drafts in a stable without the protection of a blanket. It is seldom necessary to drive a horse so hard that he will on a cool day be in a sweat. In warm weather it is different, as the horse then sweats with little exertion. When a horse has been driven until he is covered with foam and sweat he should be taken into a stable, rubbed down with whisps of hay or pieces of rough cloth and then blanketed. The neglect of such precautions has resulted in many a horse catching a cold that has proved serious.

The carriage horse should be so driven, in ordinary cases, that he will not sweat. Driving is a science in itself, and there are many mature people who have not learned how to drive a horse. They have no idea as to the amount of work he is able to perform without lessening his vitality. The writer remembers a minister that put the ill-will of the community in which he lived by driving a horse 76 miles in a day. He was bragging of the fact when it was announced that the horse had died as a result of the overstrain. The result of the drive ruined the work of the minister in that place, but it is probable that it was the ignorance of the man that was to blame and not his lack of heart as regarded the brute creation. It should be borne in mind that a horse is limited as to the amount of work he can do as well as a man.

* * *

Water for animals.—The horse requires from 64 to 80 pounds, or 8 to 10 gallons of water per day, a gallon weighing 8 pounds. Cattle drink more than horses. Feeding upon dry material they require 83 pounds per day, but on green food they require about 33 pounds of water per day. About three-fifths of the animal body is water, and while water is not strictly a food, no food can be assimilated without water, large quantities of it being required to carry on the process. The number of times an animal will drink during the day, when allowed to full opportunity, is not known but is indicated in a general way by the stomach. The stomach of the horse is small, and as might be supposed, does not require much water at a time, but often. The stomach in cattle is very large, and rumination (chewing the cud) is performed. This necessitates saturating the food with water before rumination takes place and probably explains the fact that they require more water in the morning than in the evening.

* * *

The high prices ruling for all kinds of butcher's cattle has led to the shipment of a number of beasts wholly unfit for slaughter and in consequence the market is falling for anything but tops.

Receipts are small, even for the time of year, showing that stocks in the country are all too well cleaned up and that little but the riff-raff remains.

Receipts of hogs, though showing a slight increase since last writing, are still lamentably below the requirements of the market, and the price holds firm at $8.50 per cwt. In the matter of cattle prices, nothing could better illustrate the undesirable quality of much that is being received as the range last week was all the way from $3.00 to $5.25 per cwt., the latter figure being paid for choice steers averaging 1,249 pounds.

One encouraging item of the live stock trade is the number of sheep that are being brought down from the ranch country round Maple Creek to Brandon district. These sheep are practically all ewes, Shropshires, Cotswolds, Leicesters and Southdowns, and are being secured for breeding purposes. Within the past few years farmers of Brandon district have gone into sheep, with such success that others are now following their example. If many of the sections where wild oats are rampant would follow the same course it would soon rid the farms of these pests. It is highly significant of the market for mutton in Winnipeg alone that the receipts of sheep for an entire week amounted to the magnificent showing of one.

There has been a heavy movement of horses during January and February, over 5,000 head having been brought in from Ontario. A few of these horses are auctioned in Winnipeg, but the bulk of shipments go to points further west. In the shipments there has been a fair percentage of heavy-draft horses suitable for drays and railway construction, but the bulk of the shipments have been ordinary farm chunks and some of them not too good at that. Prices are good and the horses find a ready sale, showing that in the west at least, motor power is not supplanting the horse to any extent.

* * *

One of the most healthy signs of the times in connection with light harness sports is the inquiry for designs of grand tands. The grand stands of the average trotting track are behind the times. They are often ugly wooden structures, built in the most primitive fashion, usually far too small, with narrow wooden seats and indistinguished principally by a total lack of comfort for the spectator. In many cases the seats are so close together that sitting is uncomfortable and if a person wishes to leave everybody in the row has to stand up. To add to the general discomfort, the stand has been so arranged that it is impossible to see the races while sitting, so everybody stands up and many stand on the seats. No seats can be kept clean under such conditions.

The large wooden grand stand at Trenton, N. J., where the great state fair is held, was recently burned down, and is to be rebuilt of concrete and will be large enough to accommodate the thousands of enthusiasts who go there to see the races. If insured, we think it would be a good thing if all the old, out of date, inadequate structures misnamed grand stands, were burned. It would be a decided benefit to the public and the sport. The majority of our grand stands are in a direct line with the track, while they should be at such an angle that everybody can see the turn into the home stretch seated. The elevation of the rows of seats is another important item, and above all there should be plenty of aisles. Even with plenty of room between the rows it is annoying, specially when a race is on, for a person to pass in front of a large number of spectators to get out. The methods of ample. We have often looked at some of the old-fashioned crowded grand stands and wondered what would happen in the event of a sudden panic or a fire.

A grand stand should be as comfortable as a theatre and as clean. No objectionable pillars or posts obstruct the view of the audience at a theatre, although they go to bear as well as see. At a race track, where the public goes simply to see the races, the grand stand should be so constructed that it can do so to the greatest advantage. When the public sees a well contested race, in which there is a real live contest in every heat, it is perfectly satisfied.

* * *

THE doctor has ordered me to eat only the plainest food."

"For how long?"

"Till I have paid his bill, I guess."

* * *

MOTHER BIRD—"Run along and play now; but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying machines."

* * *

THE eye of a little Washington Miss was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

* * *

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE is famous, of course, for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm. "I am here ——" he remarked once at a political meeting, but before he had time to finish the sentence, a noisy interrupter had chimed in, "And so am I."

But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

"What do our opponents really want?" he inquired in a recent speech. In the momentary pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of Government."

"No, no," was the ready reply, "what you really want is a change of drink."

125 PREPARATIONS UNDER ONE TRADE MARK

A most striking example of the growth of the Trade Mark idea in Canada is now being announced in the newspapers throughout the Dominion. It is the "NA-DRU-CO" line of about one hundred and twenty-five toilet and medicinal preparations, compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited.

All these preparations bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark, the shield with the red cross, prominently displayed, and to make the line still more distinctive each article is attractively dressed in a pleasing shade of red.

In their first advertisement, which appears on another page in the issue, The National Drug Co. explain fully this Trade Mark. They point out some of the important advantages to every family in Canada of a thoroughly reliable, easily recognized line, covering practically every household need in the way of toilet and medicinal articles, and guaranteed by a responsible firm.

The National Drug Co. also guarantee that every NA-DRU-CO preparation is compounded by qualified chemists only, and from the purest drugs. As a proof that the formulæ are such as the best physicians would use, they make a unique offer which completely disarms the doubts which often creep into one's mind with regard to medicinal preparations.

Their "Money Back" offer helps still more to inspire confidence in the NA-DRU-CO line, whose variety and completeness is shown by the partial list given in their advertisement.

Storyettes

OLD LADY—"What is the title of the picture, dear?"

Daughter—"'Dogs,' after Sir Edwin Landseer."

Old Lady—"I can see the dogs, but where on earth is Landseer?"

* * *

DICK—"If you will give me a penny I will show you the nearest way to the town."

Tourist—"Good, my boy! Here it is."

Dick—"And if you give me another penny I will show you a nearer way."

* * *

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes: "If they keep on their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollette gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix—Mr. Dash, regarding the pretty little lady indulgently, said with a sigh: 'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.' She flung her white arms around his neck. 'You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you.'"

* * *

LAST summer Louise Closser Hale, author and actress, and Dorothy Donnelly, a sister professional, went to Europe. On the way across the Atlantic, Mrs. Hale inspired the admiration of a handsome boat flirt, whose attentions she evaded until one sunny morning he encountered her in enraptured contemplation of the summer sea as she leaned over the rail. He approached and in propitiatory tones inquired, "What, may I ask, makes you so happy today?" And Miss Donnelly from her deck chair saw Mrs. Hale look up at him with a beatific smile and say, "Because I don't know you!"

* * *

NOT long ago Mr. McKenna was the hero of a most amusing scene in the British House of Commons. He was arguing in favor of the Government's Old Age Pension scheme, and in the course of his speech he said: "It is relatively cheaper for two persons living together than one."

There was a roar of laughter in the House, for it was only a fortnight since Mr. McKenna had got married.

"Well, you ought to know, anyway," called out one of the Labor members.

Mr. McKenna blushed.

"Well, I hope it will be cheaper," he said, and the House broke out into renewed guffaws.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE CHANNELL has a pretty turn of wit, which, on occasions, is inclined to startle witnesses. Once, in reply to a question a witness indignantly retorted that he had been "wedded to truth from in fancy."

"That may be," said Sir Arthur, "but the question is how long have you been divorced?"

Another time a little girl was before him—and proceeded to ascertain whether she knew the nature of an oath. The child replied that she would go to Heaven if she told the truth, but would go to the other place if she told lies.

"Are you sure of that, my dear?" said the judge.

"Yes, my lord, quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said the judge, "she knows more than I do."

* * *

I'M going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't go! You know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence. "We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow; "I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

* * *

MR. PORKER (of Chicago, who made a fortune from Porker's Red Seal Lard)—"Say, Duke, this trademark of yours is just cute. Guess your ancestor who invented it was in the menagerie business?"

* * *

IT has been said that Mr. Charles Frohman can see a play in anything —even in a door-knocker. Certainly on one occasion a phrase suggested one to him.

A Chicago journalist wrote him. "Dear Sir,—Why couldn't a play be written round 'Curfew shall not ring tonight'?"

Mr. Frohman saw the thing in a flash, and wrote back: "Dear Sir—An excellent idea. Come and see me."

Two days later he got a wire from Chicago: "Can't come. If used, send me five hundred dollars."

A cheque was forthwith made out and sent. Meanwhile, David Belasco was called in, and the play, The Heart of Maryland, was written, which was no less popular in London than in America.

* * *

IT is not generally known that the first name of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who moved a fiscal amendment to the Address from the Throne in the British Parliament, is really Joseph, like his father; but, since the unmistakable desire of the British people is in favor of having one Joe at a time, the younger is always known by his second name of Austen.

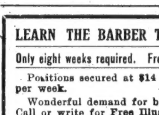
The good fellowship between father and son is well shown by an incident which occurred shortly after Mr. Chamberlain first moved to his Highbury residence. The estate was rather bare of trees, and Mr. Chamberlain sought to remedy the defect by planting a number of saplings in various parts of the ground. Month by month he watched them grow, and his heart filled with pride as he thought of the day when his acres would be well wooded.

This pride was slightly humbled one evening, however, when "Master Austen," having been scouring the surrounding country, arrived late for dinner.

"Where have you been?" inquired paterfamilias, fixing the well-known monocle, "and why are you late?"

"Well," replied Master Austen, without the suspicion of a smile on his countenance, "I have been out for a constitutional, but I would have been here hours ago if I had not lost myself in those woods of yours."

40 YEARS PROOF



You don't need to be surprised in learning Sparta, Kingston, Carleton, Ontario, Canada, Sept. 6th, 1910. Gentlemen,—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure in case or two.

KENDALL'S Spavin Cure

Has been the world-wide remedy for 40 years.

Jobsville, Que., Jan. 8, 1906.

I have used your medicine for nearly forty years, and have a bottle by me now. It is the best cure for Spavin I ever saw. I have cured a horse with Spavin Bone Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Sweeny, Shoulder Lameness and all kinds of Lameness in case or two.

Yours respectfully, John Smith.

Get a bottle—$1 for $5. Get our book "A Treatise On The Horse" at dealers or write us.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE

Only eight weeks required. Free Tools

Positions secured at $14 to $20 per week.

Wonderful demand for barbers. Call or write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

Call and see Canada's largest and finest Barber Shop.

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE

222 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 22

Stick to the BUCK-EYE and You're Safe

"Stick to the farm," says the President
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to his White House home,
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch,
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.

"Stick to the BUCK-EYE," the smoker says
To the man who's still in doubt,

Then—to show you how differently this proposition works out from the foregoing —he goes right out and buys a quarter's worth, to show that his heart's in the right place and that the BUCK-EYE is the king-pin of all ten cent cigars.

P. S.—Every man who ever smokes a BUCK-EYE becomes a BUCK-EYE smoker. See the point? Well, try one; then you'll know.

Crocodile Reminiscences

By A. Cavendish

FISH and dog stories we all know, and are accustomed to swallow with "salt to taste"; but it is only given to those whose path lies off the beaten track to hear, first hand and in the vernacular, the inevitable crocodile stories with which the river dweller of the Eastern tropic likes to regale his white guest, sitting smoking long native rokos in the semi-darkness during the hour between the evening meal and bedtime.

What the fish and dog story is to us, so is the crocodile story to the jungle-man. He even goes further. He ascribes to the crocodile supernatural powers; he surrounds him with a halo of romance; he propitiates him with periodical offerings, and when diplomacy fails, he declares war to the death—war lasting perhaps for years, till some trifling occurrence is construed into a sign of surrender on the part of the crocodile, and all is peace again.

Wonderful indeed, and hard to believe, are some of these native stories; but the majority of them are true in spite of all that, though the fascination and glamor of them fades when the smooth, musical Malay tongue is changed for matter-fact English, and the flickering glimmer of the damar torch on palm-leaf walls is replaced by the lamp and writing table of civilization. For these reasons I have considered myself in recounting a few of my own personal experiences, in which, I fear, the crocodile figures, not as the native reads him, but as I have found him—savagery, crafty and loathsome to the last degree.

But to begin at the beginning. My first experience of the "river king" was many years ago, when circumstances compelled me to travel for several hours in an extremely rickety and dilapitated dug-out along a tortuous and stagnant, mangrove-lined creek. I had not been long in the tropics, and my great wish was to see—and, if possible, to shoot—my first crocodile. In the dug-out with me were my Chinese "boy" and the ancient owner of the craft—who, by the way, supplied the motive power with a paddle, while all my energies were directed toward keeping my balance and, postponing the catastrophe of an upset, which each moment appeared more imminent. After an hour or so, when familiarity had bred contempt, and I was at length emboldened to stretch my cramped limbs and find a new and more comfortable position, I inquired of my venerable Charon whether there were any crocodiles in the creek. The old man, going as near to a chuckle as a Malay will allow himself to do, replied that I need not be afraid; that there were crocodiles, but that they were kindly beasts who never interfered with human beings. Feeling somewhat hurt at my inmost thoughts being thus probed, I relapsed into silence and a cheroot, and was momentarily growing more drowsy, when a remark from the old native brought my thoughts back to earth with a start. "Itu dia, there's one," he quietly said, pointing with his mouth, in the native fashion, toward a tangle of mangrove roots and rotting vegetation, while his paddle rose and fell with unaltered speed. "There's one." I looked, I gazed and peered among the moving shadows, but nothing could I see that in any way resembled my ideas of a crocodile. "Where?" I asked; and then it happened. My Chinese "boy," ever anxious to please, had grabbed a piece of wood that was floating by, and hurled it violently at the spot indicated by the native. The next half minute was chaos. In my anxiety to see the crocodile I had raised myself up, and the lurch caused by the rash act of my servant in throwing the piece of wood made me lose my balance. I collapsed (luckily into the boat), some gallons of water came in over the side, and the old man at the stern, steadying the canoe with the quiet, instinctive movement of one who knows his business, muttered one word, "Bodah!" (idiot). As I struggled once more to a sitting posture I saw a long black object, which I had taken to be a log, glide noiselessly into to creek, hardly raising a ripple as it vanished, and I caught a glimpse of two beady, cruel eyes, which seemed to look greedily at me as they disappeared below the slimy water. I had seen my first crocodile; but whether the old man's last muttered comment was directed toward me or my servant I have never discovered, nor did I then feel inclined to ask. In either case it was richly deserved. This was many years ago, and though since that day some dozens of the loathsome reptiles have fallen to my rifle, I have never forgotten the look of malignant hatred and concentrated evil shot at me from those yellowish-green eyes.

From past to present is but a step for the memory, and it is only a few months since the incident happened that I am about to relate. My work took me on a visit up a river to one of those timber-cutting camps where are felled and rafted the great hardwood logs so valued in the Chinese market. G., the white man in charge, was a characteristic old "hard case," who had started life before the mast in a sailing ship, and drifted in a beach-combing fashion to our colony, where he had been given, almost in charity, a sub-ordinate billet in one of the large timber firms there. Arriving in my boat at the little jetty or landing stage, I was astonished to find G. lying on a rattan couch within a few yards of the bank, with a native express rifle across his knees, gazing intently at a rough pagar or fence erected in the stream. Hanging from this fence, and a few feet above the water, were the corpses of a monkey and several pariah dogs, while half a dozen ducks, each tied to the fence by the leg with a long string, flapped about on the water and quacked dismally in their efforts to escape. I was just wondering whether the whisky bottle or too much solitude accounted for this state of affairs, when I noticed that G.'s leg was swathed in rough bandages from knee to ankle. Throwing myself down near him in the welcome shade, I learned the following story: Two nights before G. was sleeping peacefully in his little palm-leaf house, in a clearing about twenty yards from the river bank, when his dog began to growl and refused to be silenced. G. turned out and walked around the hut to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but seeing nothing, addressed himself to the dog in his usual lurid and picturesque sailing-ship language and retired to bed again. Five minutes later he was once more aroused by a yelp from the dog, and this time really annoyed, he seized a stick and sallied forth to inflict dire punishment on the disturber of his dreams. Suddenly a dark form glided swiftly from the shadows, and G. felt himself seized by the right knee as in a vise. Stooping to free himself, he found he was in the grip of a large crocodile, whose teeth were firmly embedded in flesh and bone. Backward and forward the struggle swayed—the crocodile striving to pull its destined victim to the water's edge, and G., hampered as to was by his imprisoned leg, fighting for his life to reach higher ground. At last the beast, hurling its victim to the ground with a shake of its powerful head, began to drag him swiftly toward the water. Poor G., feeling as he expressed it, that it was "all over the bar shoutin'," determined to make one last effort for his life, and, taking advantage of a momentary halt as the brute was steering past a tree stump, he sat up and succeeded in getting both his thumbs into the reptile's eye-sockets—the only vulnerable part of a crocodile's head. The rest of the story is perhaps best told in G.'s own words, or as nearly as circumstances (and the editor) will permit: "So soon as I gets my thumbs made fast in 'is eyes, 'e opens 'is mouth to shout an' lets go my leg. Then I 'its that thing mornin' the coolies lays 'is breakfast for 'im, as you see, an' I gets into this chair, an' 'ere I stays, if it's a month."

Vainly I tried to persuade G. to come away with me to the next station and see a doctor. I argued with him, I implored him, but it was absolutely useless. He refused to move from that chair till he had bagged his crocodile, and I was at last obliged to leave him, having dressed his leg and exhausted every known means of persuasion short of brute force. I met him again a week later lying in a hospital bed, suffering severely, but quite happy in the knowledge that the bones of that crocodile were bleaching in the sun outside his house. Poor old G.! Only a few weeks afterward the habit of clearing creepers from his path in the jungle with the butt-end of his loaded and cocked rifle, proved fatal to him.

Perhaps the most firmly engrained superstition in connection with the crocodile—and superstition it be—is the belief that the washing of a mosquito curtain in a river will be followed within a week, by the death of some person in the village on the bank at the jaws of the crocodile. So implicitly is this believed that many villages take their curtains to some jungle pool or spring rather than use the water drawn from the river—this though the same persons will bathe and wash their garments actually in the river itself. The offender is usually some traveling Chinese trader, and, curiously, no less than four cases have come to my personal knowledge in which the washing of a mosquito-net in a river has within a week been followed by the taking of a villager by a crocodile. In one case nobody had been taken in the river for over a year, and in another case the wretched Chinaman was arrested by the zealous policeman, himself a native of the district, and sent under custody to the nearest European magistrate, solemnly charged with causing death "by a rash and negligent act, thereby committing an offense punishable under the penal code."

An account appeared some years ago in the local papers of Singapore relating how the native hunting-dogs in that part of the world were so clever that, being desirous of crossing a river, they would first congregate on the bank and bark loudly to attract the crocodiles, and then run swiftly upstream and cross at another place. The tale was greeted with much editorial sarcasm, and commented on as "something new in dog-stories." A month or two later some incident recalled the story to my mind as I sat into one evening discussing the day's deer hunting with an old chief, who himself owned the premier pack of pariahs in the district. I repeated it, as well as I could remember, to the assembled village, who with one accord sat silent, waiting for the words of wisdom to fall from the old chief. For some minutes he chewed his quid of betel-nut in a meditating way, and then broke out with the following explanation, which I give in his own picturesque phraseology:

"Wherever there is smoke one must seek the fire. This is a true story that has passed through many mouths. The way of it is this. It is not the cleverness of the dogs, but of the owners. The men of my people, when chasing a deer on foot with dogs, are always careful to cross a river, for the yelping of the dogs calls together the crocodiles. The dogs, therefore, are trained to stop at the bank and bark loud and long. The hunters then cross at a place some distance away, calling their dogs, who follow in their master's footsteps. That is truly how the story began; but it has altered in the telling, and is now like a child's fable."

The very next day I had an opportunity of confirming this explanation, for a deer put up by my own dogs during my stay in the village broke straight for a tenant backwater of the river and plunged in, closely followed by my three yelping terriers, who swam around him, snapping at his face and sides at every opportunity offered. Some village dogs, attracted by the din, came rushing up and joined in the chorus, but without attempting to enter the water. Standing on the bank I was whistling vainly to my dogs, when the deer gave an agonized scream and disappeared below the slimy face of the pool, pulled down by some unseen foe, never to reappear, though I waited for a good ten minutes. When I left there was not a bubble nor a ripple to show what had taken place. But no explanation was needed as far as I was concerned; and my three terriers, following, cowed and shivering, at my heels, had learnt a lesson that they remembered for a long time; though two of them eventually fell victims to a similar fate.

I have discussed the habits and customs of the buoia or crocodile with many natives, and their solemnly delivered opinions would certainly open the eyes of any naturalist. The majority are firmly convinced that the beast has the power of fascination similar to that generally accorded to the snake, and they also believe that the crocodiles in any given river will not molest man unless man has first molested them. When recently being paddled up a small river for the first time, I was about to fire at a young crocodile lying on an exposed mud flat. "Don't sir—don't!" cried the four paddlers as one man. I lowered my rifle and asked their objection. It appeared that in this particular river, though it swarmed with crocodiles, and the villagers habitually bathed there, nobody had ever been taken; while in the river, debouching at almost the same spot on the coast, there was continuous and bloody strife between the natives and the crocodiles. This was corroborated by other villagers on the river, who ascribe their immunity to the fact that they had never killed a crocodile there, and in return the crocodiles had never done them any harm. Whether or not this can be accounted for on the theory that a crocodile "turns man-eater," like a tiger, is an interesting problem.

AN ESKIMO SPOET

MR. PORK, of Port Nelson, or Fort Churchill; or thereabouts; shake with him—hands or dice, just as you like; Eskimos are sports all the way and back. Solid fact, that; Eskimos are born to sport, predestined that way; grow up in sport; live in the midst of it, and die out as they have lived—sportsmen. How would you like to be the sportsman? For me, I wouldn't have any use for it, although I like sports right up to the hilt.

But there are sports and sports. It is one thing to go out and have a good hunt, and one doesn't mind if there's some work to it, or a bit of cold, or some discomfort—including hunger and thirst. Those things don't count in hunting, and men will stand a lot more of work and trouble when they're out on a hunt than they will for anything else under the sun. I have seen men in camp plug away at cooking, split wood, carry water, wash dishes, and then go out and hunt until you'd think every man jack of them would fall apart, but they didn't; so far from that, they went back to camp more full of fight again.

That's all right, but this Eskimo life is a different proposition. An Eskimo kid doesn't have anything to do with going to school, splitting the family firewood, running errands to the store, or any of those burdens of life which do so much to afflict and harass the lads in civilization. He may play without let or hindrance, but he must learn to hunt as soon as he gets big enough. There are fish to catch, seals to spear, walruses to be overcome and converted into grub and other necessaries of life, such as fire and light, for instance; furs to be caught and cured, bears and hares to be killed, and a whole lot of things to do—all for play.

Stop a minute; I said it is all for sport, but maybe some of it leans a bit heavy on the side of hard work. I surely should think so if I had to tote or pull a bunch of stuff such as these men of the North load themselves up with—it would to me look to be something like work; but the Eskimo is generally tickled to death for the chance of hauling a sledgeload of eatables—anything from coal oil to solid blubber by the ton—for it means a straight for a tenant in the Polar regions—and when the Eskimo goes a-hunting, he doesn't fail to pile up the biggest load of grub he can snapping gear he has, and hides as opportunity offered. Some village dogs, attracted by the din, came rushing up and joined in the chorus, but without attempting to enter the water. Standing on the bank I was whistling vainly to my dogs, when the deer gave an agonized scream and disappeared below the slimy face of the pool, pulled down by some unseen foe, never to reappear, though I waited for a good ten minutes. When I left there was not a bubble nor a ripple to show what had taken place. But no explanation was needed as far as I was concerned; and my three terriers, following, cowed and shivering, at my heels, had learnt a lesson that they remembered for a long time; though two of them eventually fell victims to a similar fate.

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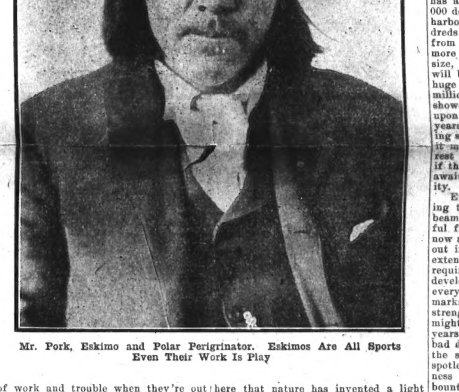

Mr. Pork, Eskimo and Polar Perigrinator. Eskimos Are All Sports Even Their Work Is Play

or his fellows. No going to the office to get money for mother and bairns, and a free bit for himself, maybe. No churches, schools, theatres, stores, shops; nothing like work or recreation as we know it, but plenty of harder work than any man of us all has, and perhaps—if one has sufficient philosophy to see it that way—enough recreation, too.

But just for a guess, I like it not—this recreation of Mr. Pork and his friends. Of course you know that this gentleman is not called pork because he's a hog, but only because his real truly name is too deep for utterance in plain English vowels and consonants. His life is like his name, to me. It may be sport for those who like it very much indeed, but for me, and my sons some more. I am sorry for Mr. Pork and all his kind; the only thing they have that I envy them is their good-nature. Not that I grudge them it. Dear me! no; if they didn't have it they'd die, but it seems a bit of a pity that they can't shave it down to just enough to keep them going and yet not enough to look for another home. Six months of night and whale oil breakfasts must call for a true sportsman to enjoy them.

WHEN THE SUN IS EXTINGUISHED

What Would Happen

(By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer)

WHAT would we do if one of these days we should notice that the sun would rise no more?

The good housewife will answer: Well, in that case we shall simply switch on the electric light. And even if the sun should go on strike forever, our engineers, those magicians, who can do anything, would soon invent something to compensate for this loss. Has not their reputation nowadays reached that nothing is believed to be impossible to it?

The scientist might add and right here that nature has invented a light far cheaper than electric light, for instance that emitted by fire-flies. And if we have discovered so many of nature's secrets, why not we finally the secret of the fire-fly light? As regards the cheapness of such living lanterns, it is interesting to learn that American scientists have recently detected a light-bug which emitted a light equal to only 1-1,000 of a candle-power, to examination with exceedingly delicate instruments. Consequently comparatively unbelievably small amounts of radiant energy. They found that this little beetle to produce its light did not expend any amount of energy that they could measure. If this energy were to be collected ten-thousandth of that necessary to produce illumination of the same brightness by means of a candle, it would have been measurable. That one has a rather this insect's light is at least ten thousand times cheaper than candle light. All the engineers have to do is to invent it.

Economy, however, is not to consist only in avoiding the tremendous waste of heat common to all our sources of light. But we also need the sun's heat. It is true that it is there for us, and is free with his heat, and we flee from his too great liberality. At other times, however, we have to resort to stoves and furnaces. Should it not be possible to invent something that would insure a more even distribution of the sun's heat radiation? Do not scientists tell us that the interior of the sun is not merely hot, at least just as hot as the streams of lava pouring from volcanoes? Compared with this almost inexhaustible ocean of heat concentrated in the body of our good old mother earth, the few saved-up pennies represented by our coal beds are as nothing.

Perhaps this interior heat would suffice for a few hundred thousand years. After all, we could dig deeper and deeper into the earth in order to get nearer and nearer to the hot centre of our planet. It is probable that the first human beings were cave dwellers who retreated before the ice of the glacial era into those cozy folds of the earth's crust, where at least a cellar warmth was obtainable; why should not the last men do the same thing for a like reason, but in their own power and in a much more perfect way than their old-time predecessors? The huge heat stored in the earth's interior could be utilized readily for ample lighting, especially if we do invent the cheap light. We could build fairy-like underground palaces, sparkling with crystals and gems, resplendent in variegated luminous colors, with reflecting galleries of pillars and romantic stalactite structures. Comfortable heat and soft light, just as we should like to have it, would fill all rooms. We should walk in woods of trees made of polished, many-veined agate, and bearing leaves of silver and gold. The flowers at our feet would be rubies, sapphires, and topazes, and all the wonders with which our childhood's fancy adorned the fairy gardens, could there become a reality.

There still remains one doubt, however. Shall we not have to starve amid all this splendor? Up on the surface of the earth it has become cold and dark. But no plant can grow without light, and indeed they cannot do without sunlight. No artificial light has so far been able to take the place of the sun. All animals, and ultimately the human race, live on plants directly or indirectly, by conversion of mineral substances, water and air into edible products could hitherto be effected only by the plant organism in its microscopic retorts. This is another undiscovered secret.

But whenever dire need arose the saving discovery was made. At present we are still able to have the plants cook our food by sunlight, and if the future condition is likely to continue for quite some time. Still our shrewdest investigators have long ago begun attempts to make "organic substance," and ultimately bread, from stones or at least from air and water with a little bit of earth added. Some success has been achieved already, for instance, every one of the organic substances so far produced in the chemical laboratory has no nutritive value whatever. We have been able to reproduce artificially the perfumes of flowers, for instance the sweet fragrance of the violet, which certainly is one of nature's masterpieces, and also many products which heretofore could be derived from plants only. So far, however, there is among these artificial products none of any use to our stomachs. But all this will be achieved some time, and then we shall not need the sun at all, and it may go out if it wishes.

But will this ever occur? Can the sun ever lose its immense power? A calculation has been made showing that the sun is like a furnace capable of heating an engine that could every second lift a load of 30 billion tons (of 2,000 kilogrammes each) a distance of one kilometer. Let the engineers figure what they could do with this, whereas at present they allow all this energy to go to waste. With an infinitesimal portion of this energy the sun sets in motion the machinery of our atmosphere which raises the water from the sea to the clouds and feeds our waterfalls. With small tappings of this water, such as those diverted at Niagara Falls, we light entire cities. This furnace, as could be determined with reasonable certainty, has a surface temperature of about 6,000 deg. C. In its interior the sun must harbor temperatures of perhaps hundreds of thousands of degrees. And from this sun there might be formed more than 300,000 earths. The earth's size, all of this tremendous heat. It will be apparent that this represents a huge store which is likely to last many millions of years. A rough calculation showed that the sun has been shining upon this earth for about 500 million years and that it ought to continue doing so for another 100 million years, but it must be admitted that these figures rest on insecure foundations. But even if they are ten times too large, we can await developments with some equanimity.

Even nowadays we see signs indicating that some time sun-spots and sun-beams will cease. On the sun's beautiful face traces of old age will appear now and then as dark spots which break out in greater or smaller numbers and extent, often suddenly, at other times requiring weeks and months for their development and disappearance. About every eleven years these ugly pock marks break out with particular strength on the brilliant skin of the mighty ruler of our world, every eleven years his body seems to rid itself of this bad disease, whereupon for a few years the sun may beam again with almost spotless purity and again spread happiness and comfort everywhere with bounteous plenty.

These sun spots are violent whirlwinds in the upper atmosphere regions of the central body of our planetary system, as was proved by the very shape of the cloud formations, frequently spiral and storm-swept, which surround the inner apparently quite black nucleus of the spot. Recently the American astronomer Hale, who has made a special study of the sun, has particularly investigated the spectral lines into which the light of the sun spots may be separated, and has shown that in these cyclones there occur tremendous electric discharges the effects of which we may often observe upon the earth in the magnetic needle, which is then so frequently seen shooting up when an unusually large sun spot faces the earth. The sun clouds which are whirled about in these cyclones are probably composed of metals so large that the earth's entire surface could be contained in them many hundreds of times, and so hot that iron would be not only fluid there, but transformed into vapors. As a matter of fact it is partly iron air which blows across the surface of the sun and from which it then, as it were, rapidly falls to the spots, to be again gasified in the lower, hotter strata of the sun and to whirl up from them.

It has been observed that whenever the sun is covered with particularly numerous spots the whole atmosphere of the earth grows cooler one or even two years afterward, and it has been also found that a temperature reduction of only five degrees would suffice to bring back the glacial era in our latitudes, destroying all life under streams of ice a thousand meters thick.

We, therefore, really cannot deny that the sun already begins to slowly lose its heat-power. Of the many fixed stars in the skies, all of them distant suns, there is a large number which periodically lose their light and therefore their heat in a more or less higher degree; those are called variable stars. Some of them are known to change their light by all sorts of gradations; some require almost as much time for the change as our sun, others become alternately bright and dim within a few hours; some have perfectly regular fluctuations, others flare up and grow dark again without any regularity; some vary but little in magnitude, others may pass from absolute invisibility to the greatest brightness, and then vanish again into the night of the universe.

In the same manner, after many fluctuations of this character, our sun will some time have lost all its light and heat. But long before this shall have happened, the last glow will have become extinguished in the earth's interior, and with it all life on this dark little star which has been assigned to us as a dwelling place. At the last extremity there will be an absolute failure of all the clever tricks and inventions by which we were able to impress nature into our service in order to keep away from us, for a time, the life-chilling power of the increasing inter-stellar cold, which is bound to grip us more and more. In a like manner all those projective devices must finally become exhausted which nature herself has invented for the wonderful organization of the universe, to save her creatures as long as possible from the fate of freezing to death. I have discussed this at greater length in the revised edition of my work, on "The End of the World," published in the "Kosmos" series.

But only each particular world or world system, as an individuality, can perish. Everything must die in order to make room for the birth of something better. The end of a world is followed by a new creation. There is an everlasting cycle of life and death, back to new life.—Translated from Die Gartenlaube.

THE FRAGILE GIRAFFE

A GIRAFFE is an ungainly creature even at home, and when he is wrested from his native soil and put up in the narrow confines of captivity his extraordinary length of limb and neck is very much in the way. It is said that there is one order that animal collectors never like to fill—that for a live giraffe.

Lions, tigers, and pythons are easy to capture compared with the giraffe. That long-legged, long-necked beast can see, smell, and hear a hunter miles away. Pitfalls are worse than useless, for a giraffe would be certain to break his legs or neck if it tumbled into one. A trap strong enough to hold the powerful creature would crush its delicate legs like pipe-stems.

There is but one way to take a giraffe alive, and that way is hard and tedious. Giraffes must be surrounded by drivers and chased until they bring up, weary and helpless, in a bamboo enclosure. It means a drive of many miles lasting many days, for if they were driven into the pen in their first rush of terror they would dash in headlong and kill themselves.

When the giraffe is penned the work is only begun. The next great difficulty to overcome is the five hundred miles or more of wilderness to the nearest seaport. Men have tried to transport the great brutes by driving them, but the risk of accident is too great. The best method is to pen the giraffe in a bamboo cage open at the top, so that the head and shoulders can stick out. Then the cage is lashed to great bamboo poles from twenty to thirty feet long, and as many natives as are necessary lift the cage on their heads and give the queer beast a free ride to the ocean.

The problem of transportation does not cease with the journey to the seaport. The shipping of the giraffe and the voyage are fraught with peril. The giraffe's legs break very easily; if he slips the fragile underpinnings double under him and snap, in transferring the animal from shore to ship his long, helpless neck may become tangled in the tackle or strike a spar, mast or shroud, in which case good-bye to the giraffe.

The legs are not the only fragile portions of the giraffe anatomy. Catching a giraffe, therefore, is not an easy process, but the reward is great. If a collector succeed in bringing home alive a good specimen, he may obtain almost any price in reason, inasmuch as this is the most costly wild animal of the menagerie.

The giraffe is one of those beasts that frequently break their hearts in captivity. They have been known to weep with home-sickness.

THE SLAVE AND THE OYSTERS

ONE of the principal banking-houses of St. Petersburg is said to have been founded by a man who for a great part of his life was a serf. Even in his condition of serf he was a wealthy banker and, as may readily be imagined, made many attempts to procure his freedom. The story goes that he offered a million roubles for his liberty, but that his master, Count Sheremetieff, proud of possessing such a serf, refused to liberate him.

This serf, by name Shalounine, returned one day from Odessa to St. Petersburg, and as in duty bound presented to the Sheremetieff palace, there to report himself. With him he had brought, as a gift to the Count, a small barrel of choice Crimean oysters. This he left outside till he should receive an intimation that the offering would be acceptable to Sheremetieff.

Now, it so chanced that he found his master surrounded by a large number of guests who had been bidden to breakfast. The Count was engaged in berating his butler for not having provided oysters for the breakfast. The butler contended that there were no oysters in the market.

It was at this juncture that the Count caught sight of his banker serf.

"So," he angrily exclaimed, "you, too, are to annoy me! And with your roistering ignoble ways! Let me tell you that your errand will prove a fruitless one! But stay! I'll release you on one condition—and one only—that you get me some oysters for breakfast!"

Shalounine bowed low and left the room. When he returned he laid the barrel of oysters at his master's feet.

Whereupon the Count, true to his word, called for pen and paper, and instantly wrote out a declaration of emancipation making the serf a free man. Then the former master, with a most gracious air, added.

"And now, my dear Shalounine, will you be so good as to favor us with your company at breakfast?"

CANINE TOPOGRAPHY

A FELLOW member of one of the Essex dog clubs once went courting about forty miles from home, but, wanting to get back before dawn, he wired for a half-bred to be sent him. The dog duly arrived by train, and, having been out for a day's sport, temporarily lost his master. It transpired that the dog hung about the stable or barn where his master had last been seen for some time, and then disappeared. When his owner at length reached home (having covered forty miles by train), he found his half-bred dog waiting for him at the gate.

A MIGHTY POWERFUL CRASH IN PRICES

An Upheaval in the midst of the Town. Startling--Sensational--Stupendous--Spectacular--Intense interest involved. An Event of Vast Interest to Every Man, Woman and Child in Taber and Vicinity.

THE BIGGEST SALE EVER

WE HEREBY ADVISE AND COMMAND every buyer in this town to make preparations as they never have done before to attend this Grand Clean Sweep Sale. Don't compare this Sale to any other ever held in this city. This Sale will positively by far be the Biggest and Most Startling Sale that was ever inaugurated in your city this season. Grand reduction on everything will be given without fail. The entire stock will be marked in plain figures and every article is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Every quotation bona fide and correct, and the entire stock, including some new goods, will be spread out on the counters at a most bewildering scene of splendid money saving ever put before the people of this city.

$10,000 STOCK MUST BE SOLD

TO-MORROW, RAIN OR SHINE, commencing promptly at nine o'clock, the store of Vickery & Co. will be the scene of the Most Gigantic and Sensational Sale of High Grade Merchandise ever witnessed in the City of Taber. $10,000 worth of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks and Suits, Groceries, Notions, in fact everything for Man, Woman and Child will be thrown into bargain bins and on the counters at ridiculously low prices. This is to be the mightiest money saving event ever held in the City of Taber. This store will be crowded from front to back, and from cellar to garret, with stupendous money saving opportunities.

SALE OPENS

Friday, April 29, 9 a.m.

A REDUCTION ON EVERYTHING

REMEMBER, not a special here or there, but a bona fide and legitimate reduction on everything. WE MUST SELL OUT EVERY THING.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

READ CAREFULLY

TO THE FIRST 10 WOMEN who enter our store the opening day we will positively give to each a beautiful glass dish.

TO THE FIRST 10 MEN who enter our store and purchase a suit of clothes we will make each a present of a $3.50 pair of shoes.

PRICES

We refrain from giving a long list of prices which are at best meaningless and usually written without the least regard for the truth. All we ask is an inspection of the goods and prices. The verdict will be in your hands. The evidence shall be conclusive as the old and untampered price ticket will be left on the goods, and the new ones placed beside them to give you an idea of the immense savings which are at your disposal.

Promptly at 9 a.m. we will swing back the doors and throw the gigantic sale open. It will positively be beyond question the biggest and the most astounding merchandise battle ever held in this city. EVERY PRICE IS BONA FIDE.

It will be a thrilling scene of excitement, brimming over with spellbinding and attractive bargains that will make your eyes sparkle and your nerves quiver with eagerness and satisfaction.

CLEAN SWEEP SALE

VICKERY & CO.

TABER

COME EARLY COME PREPARED